

THE NEGRO and THE SUNNY SOUTH, or PREJUDICE THE PROBLEM. BY S. C. CROSS.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

15 CENTS A NUMBER

JULY, 1902

\$1.50 A YEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS HATTIE LEE,
Philadelphia, Pa.

See page 215

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THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE
PUBLISHING COMPANY
5 PARK SQUARE BOSTON MASS.

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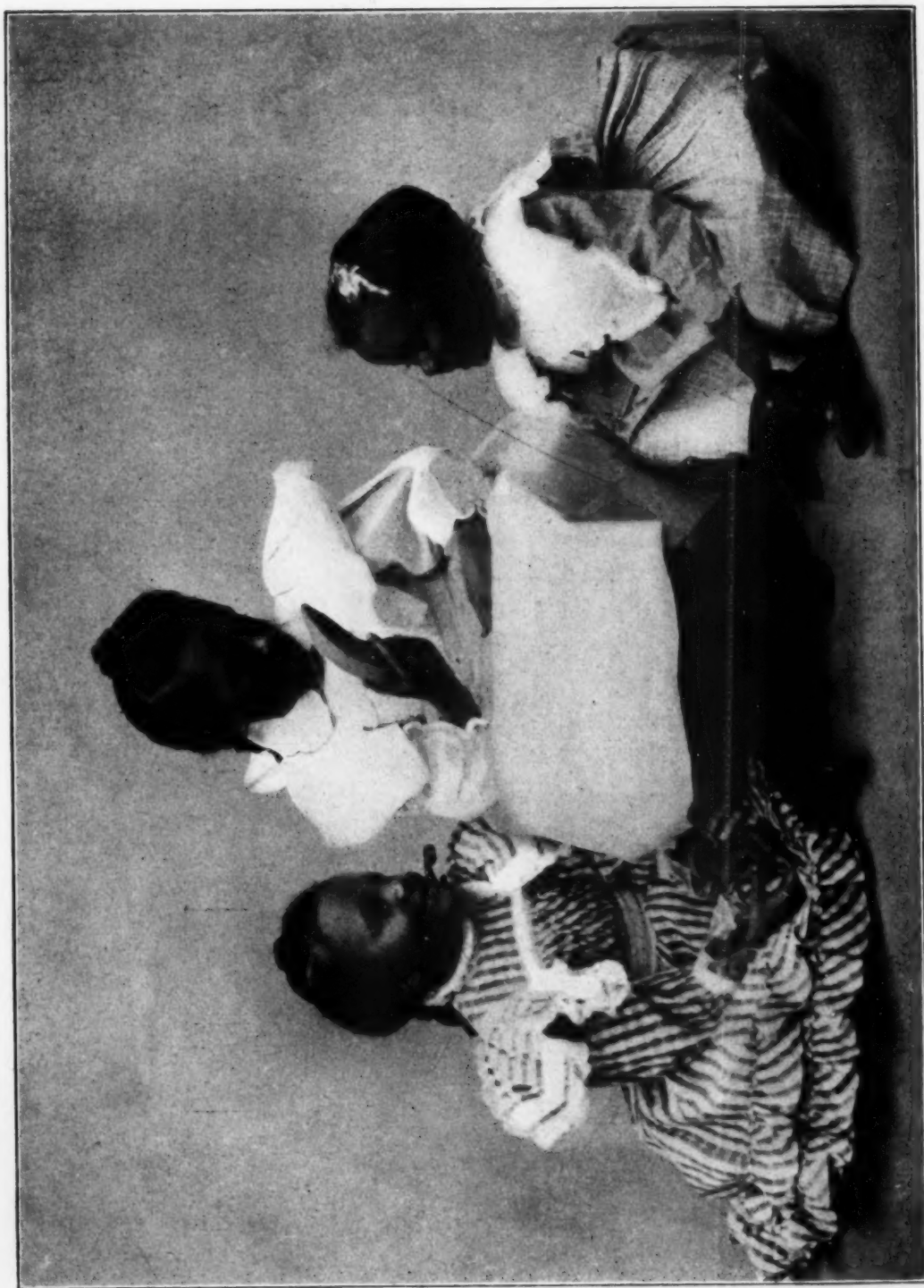
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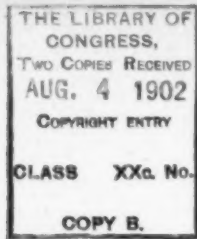
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ON A JULY AFTERNOON.

(Daughters of Prof. H. T. Kealing, Editor of *A. M. E. Review*. Goldie in the center, Frances on left, and Claribel on right.)



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

JULY, 1902.

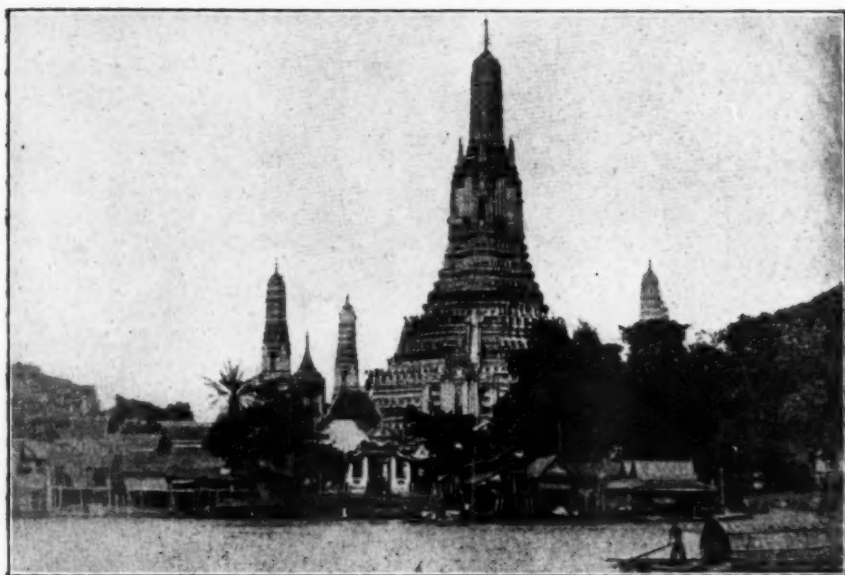
No. 3

LOVE'S DOMINATING POWER.

T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

The savage chief, under the spell
Of love, howe'er he may rebel,
Pursues no more th' exciting chase,
Nor courts war's unforbidding face,
Nor lingers by the rambling stream
Or slumbrous lake's unruffled dream;
But spends his hours the woods among,—
Stolid,—by soft desires unstrung:
And all his fancies colored are
By rays of Love's resplendent star;
And hushed the war songs he had sung
With savage glee the woods among,—
A god or devil in the shade
Primeval by his passion made.
His dusky choice becomes a queen,
Present to him in every scene,
Eclipsing all the female kind
In form and face and gifts of mind,
With eyes in which he clearly reads
Th' inspiration of heroic deeds.
His narrow world grows narrower still
While yielding to her gentle will;
Yet he is happier, manlier far,
Than when the chase or barbarous war
Called him o'er winding dale and hill
His mission in the world to fill.

Suppose he wins the woman's love;
Ensnares as he would a dove,
And sinks into a brute again,—
A crafty, haughty, savage, vain,—
Love made him for a fleeting hour
As Juliet was in Romeo's power.
So lords and princelings of the earth,
To luxury born and ease and mirth,
At some stage, barter everything
That to one woman they may cling;
And, not unlike the savage, they
Too often put the wife away,
Or torture her with taunts and jeers
And base neglect, till woe and tears
Drive her to madness or divorce,—
There's not much choice in either course:
The savage chief and brutal lord
Are neither bound by oath nor word.
The faithful record plainly shows
That each one gives, but takes no blows,
Because the victim is too weak
Upon the brute revenge to seek;
The object gained, the longings cease,
Too oft, for man is hard to please,
And surplus love, from friendship grown,
Returns to friendship as its own,
Or hate or desperate, bloody, crimes,
That shock the Purists of the times.
But love,—true love! The beggar blind,—
Groping and brooding, sick of mind;
Sees through the mists of vanished time
Her who had made his youth sublime,—
Nerved him to work, in joy and pain,
Conscious he labored not in vain!
The blackness of his sightless night
Was bright with love's all conquering light;
A woman's tender voice and care
Were with him always, everywhere;
And though her spirit since has fled,
With him she lived? She was not dead!
Go tell it to the moaning seas,—
Go tell it to the sighing trees,—
Go tell it to the whistling winds,—
Go tell it to the lords and hinds,—
That love is life and life is love
And rules in earth, and heaven above.



From "Siam," by Maxwell Sommerville. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

WAT CHONG, BANGKOK, FROM THE RIVER.

ITHAMAR, THE LAND OF THE PALM.

SIAMESE HISTORY, CUSTOMS, ETC.

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE.

The name Indo-China as applied to the peninsulas of Southern Asia, is preferable to that of Further India, and has a definite meaning for all of that part east of the Ganges, and is applied to the geographical position of that part of the peninsula that lies midway between Further India and the Dragoon Empire. The heart of this is known as "Siam" or Ithamar, the land of the Palm. Really this land is the heart of Further India in more senses than one, and is likened unto a dipper formed of all the surrounding countries.

Excepting China, Siam is the only one that has retained its national government. Siam-Ithamar or Meinan is in the torrid zone, extending between $4^{\circ}35'$ and $20^{\circ}15'$ North latitude, making nearly 16 degrees of latitude and is nearly 1,000 miles from one point to the other by mule, elephant, or as the crow flies. Its greatest width is about 450 miles. The great Mekong river now

forms a distinct boundary line, leaving the British on the North and South-west, and the French on the East and South. The natural features consist of an alluvial plain, known as the basin of the Meinan, the great western Mekong basin, and the valley between the gulf of Siam and the famous Korat Hills. Several mountain peaks rise from seven to eight thousand feet high and are known as the parallel range, and it is here that the Meinan and Mekong find their source and the Salween in the Don Dek range.

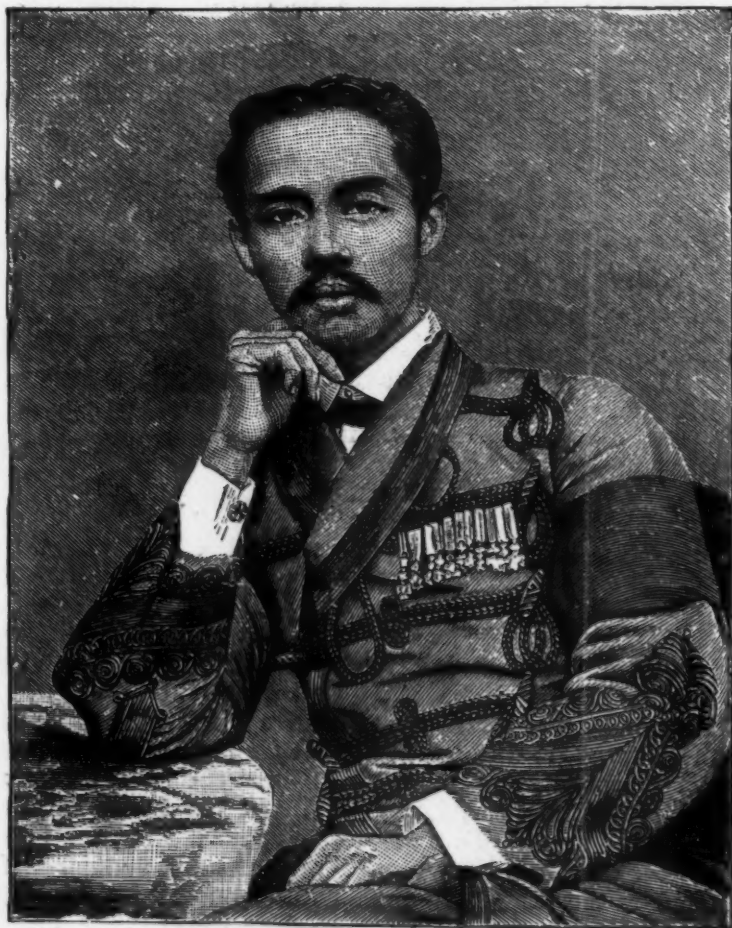
The western part is called Don Phya Fai, "forest of the King of Fire," and west of this point lay the great salt plains and malarial swamps. Examinations here show ancient volcanic eruptions, and on the west coast near the Gulf of Siam, and at Muang Hongso-wadi they have had two recent eruptions.

At Luang Prabang, Petchaburi the

Hot Springs at Chaiyoke show an intersecting link between them and the great Javanese Cones.

What the Nile is to Egypt so is the Meinan Chow Phya to Siam, whose kindly waters bring wealth and prosperity to its peaceful and populous inhabitants, and it is the only water way by

at high, or flood tide. Many ships unload here and take light boats or coast steamers to the excellent harbor of Bangkok. Some risk the bar and ride safely in; others get stuck, and have to unload, and wait for the flood tide. The condition of this bar leaves Siam in a very poor position, commercially, and greatly



From "Siam and Laos." Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

HIS SUPREME MAJESTY, CHULALANGKORN I., KING OF SIAM.

which England cannot tap the Chinese trade. As a water way the great Mekong is almost useless on account of its many water falls; it spreads out in many different ways, greatly assisting the growth of rice or paddy fields.

Navigation as far north as Bangkok is difficult for large steamers on account of a great bar at its mouth, when at low tide it is only covered by three feet of water and never more than fifteen feet

hampers her export trade, as she has so little sea coast. The harbor of Bangkok is free from the many typhoons that sweep the Chinese sea.

Siam has a few islands, Payang, Lantar, Trotto; Lancawa might be made practicable, and the royal island Koh si Chang is the only one of any real value, or that has been developed. Here is quite a colony, something like the Isle of Man. The King has a summer place there.

The climate of Muangthai is wholly tropical, lying between the Equator and the tropic of Cancer, naturally making the temperature very high; reaching usually from 85° to 95° at noon and rarely falling below 60° , never below 52° .

to September causes all the country to feel the power of the great Monsoons, as it brings rains and hurricanes,—great winds that sweep the country for about a thousand miles. Yet, in spite of this, there is never a day at Bangkok or in the



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A SHAN GIRL.

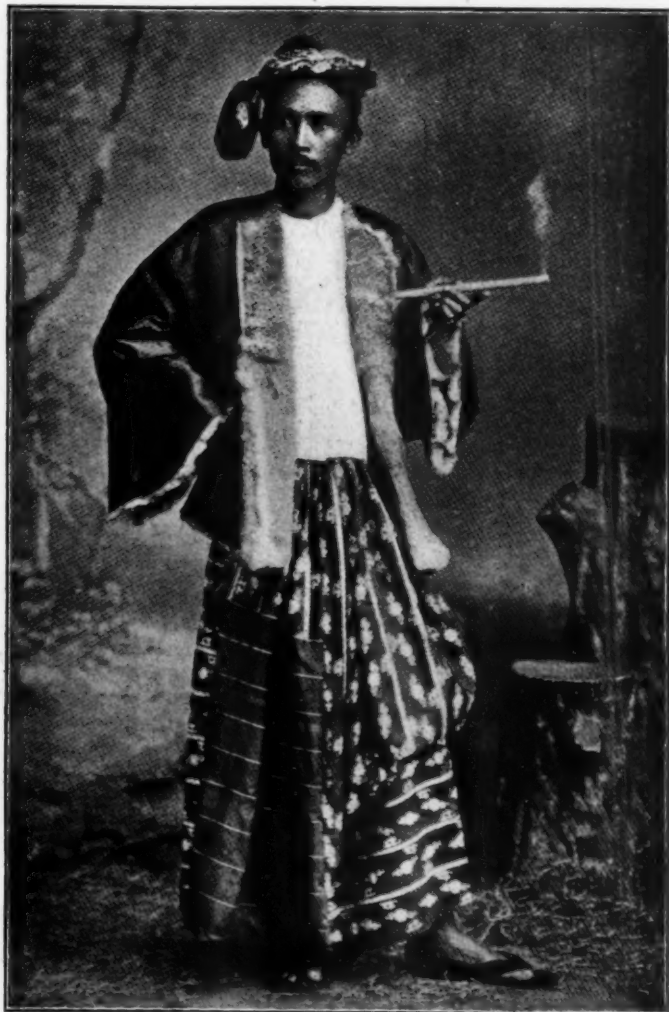
The heat is never so excessive as in British Burmah and India.

The salubrious breezes from the gulf and the rains so temper the climate that Europeans can live the year round in Bangkok. They have as in all tropical countries, two distinct seasons, the wet and the dry, arriving and departing with the north-west and south-west Monsoons. The wet season from May

great Mekong or Meinan valleys without sunshine. About two hours before sunset the winds tear the palms into shreds and it rains very hard, until it seems as if everything would be swept away in its path, then the streets dry up, then more sunshine and a cold, delightful breeze sweeps over the valleys and you can sleep as comfortably as if here, in our balmy October. Next day the

same thing is repeated. This is followed by the dry season from October to April. The Northeast Monsoon brings endless sunshine without a cloud, dry and hot, thus making March and April the hottest months in the year. December and January are the coldest.

which Siam ships more to the shipyards of Europe than all of the other eastern countries combined. We also find sapan-wood, ebony, rosewood, eaglewood, gum trees and all manner of spices and medicinal trees. Shrubs and plants run rife in the woods, valleys and jungles.



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THE VICEROY PHYA-RAMA-MA-DUA.

The rainfall at Bangkok is sixty inches and averages one hundred and ninety days in the year. The moisture and heat and the combined alluvial deposits make the vegetable productions exuberant.

On the hills of Laos may be found the apple, many vines, saxerage, anemone, violets, etc. On the banks of all of the rivers are found the durable teak of

The gamboge of Ithamar is considered the best in the world. Here we see flowers, plants, vines such as no other country can boast. Camphor, benzoin, palms, figs and myrtle grow everywhere in profusion. At every watt or temple you will see the sacred Bo or Banyan trees and lotus flowers. Every creek or stream is bordered with its palms, areco,

cocoanut, great sugar or rice plantations and vegetable gardens. It is here the famous palm-like Nippa is grown for its leaves, of which attap roofing is made. The travellers' palm is also seen on all sides.

Of the fruits the Malay-durian and

numerous to mention. Sweet potatoes, watermelons, cucumbers, and a hundred other varieties of vegetables, not known to us.

The Siriah cultivation is here one of their great industries as it is the base of



From "Siam," by Maxwell Sommerville. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS CHIE LO.

mangosteen are not found anywhere so good as here. They are likened unto the drink habit—if eaten, never satisfied. All kinds of oranges, from the mandarin, the Pammelo, Jack-fruit, bread-fruit, the luscious mango, custard apples, jambus, litchis, sapodilla, maprang plums, prickly-pears, guavas, pineapples, also the huge tamarind tree, and others too

manufacture of the betel nut, mastication of which is a greater curse to the learned than tobacco with us; although of late years Siam has taken on the tobacco habit, and now cigarettes form a part of every gentleman's toilet; when on promenade, his cigarette case and match box are always at his side. Nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, cardamons, in-

digo, tea, and over forty varieties of rice are cultivated.

Animal life is much the same here as in British Burma. First of all is the sacred white elephant that has made Siam famous. All of its historical legends are based upon him, and no subject can possess one; they all belong to the King. One of Siam's greatest wars was caused by the demand of the King of Cambodia for one of Siam's white elephants. Only the male elephants work, and never from ten to three P. M., for it is the hour of rest for all Siam.



From "Siam and Laos." Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

SOMDETH CHOWFA CHULALANGKORN.

The tiger, that famous man eater, the Cheetah, wild-cat, rhinoceros, alligator, fox, deer, bison, tapir and bear abound. The most curious animal of Ithamar is the domestic cat. He has pale fawn fur, tipped at the extremities with dark brown, no tail and clear blue eyes. Ducks, fowl and geese are brooded in great number. Hoopoes, kites, ospreys and over sixty varieties of birds are found. Fish are plentiful; the platoo, kind of a herring, is the chief one, something like Cape Ann turkey with us. Silk worms are grown, as silk is one of Siam's great industries. Bees, white ants, and that celebrated cobra are found plentifully here, with many other species

of animal life, but none so much dreaded and poisonous as the cobra.

Now, let us look at "Muang Thai" from an anthropological standpoint, and we find three representative families of the world's races. The Caucasian, Mongolian and Negro, within the Siamese dominions. The chief tribes are of Mongolic-Tibet stock, and may be divided into three groups, viz.: the Tibeto-Burmese, in the north and west; the Gio-shi group north and east; the Annamese and the Thai-Shan group, the Siamese proper, or dominant race, in the great central plain.

The ancient kingdom of Burmah Cambodia, Annam, have lost their independence except Ithamar.

Ithamar was originally governed by a set of dominant chiefs, who invaded the valleys of Irrawaddy, Mekong and Meinan. This invading force drove the aboriginal inhabitants to the hills where a few of them remain until to-day, living as they did hundreds of years ago. But what puzzles ethnologists most, is the admixture of these races—to know whether they are of Burmese or Annamese origin, or are an admixture of all the former families. But the most recent investigation seems to bring about the one conclusion that the modern Indo-Chinese are Malay races, sprung from an original Tattooing Race that had occupied the hills of Thibet and gradually drifted down into the plain. Some who are more sceptical, claim that the Chinese, Tibeto, or Shan stock were driven here from Yangste Kiang valley by the frequent Mongolian invasions and settled in the Shan or Laos States. Here we find a link, for in studying the Shan languages we find that fifty per cent of the words have Chinese roots or stems. We believe that the Shans first entered Indo-Chinese about five hundred years B. C., or about two thousand five hundred years ago. The Shans of to-day are called "Thai Yai," the great freemen, and the modern Siamese "Thai Noi," the little freemen, which proves without a doubt that the Siamese are of Tibetan origin.

The ancient Siamese were spirit wor-

shippers, and it is practiced by some of the hill tribes of to-day, much the same as our North American Indians pray to the Great Spirit, usually called the "red man's prayer."

called Negritos, who seem to have been the earliest inhabitants of the Andaman and Poleyesian Islands, where they are still found. The Kalarians of India are of Negritic origin and many remain in



From "Siam and Laos." Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

THE LATE FIRST KING AND QUEEN.

Cambodia grew to be a great and powerful Kingdom, and introduced Brahminism and the ideal Vishnu, and in this kingdom was singularly found an aboriginal race of Negro affinities,

a half savage state among the Affluents of Kelantan and Ligor, and in Turkey, Beloochistan, Afghanistan, Arabia and all of the surrounding countries seem to have been tinged with these Negritic in-

habitants. They intermarried with the Mongolians and Malays and introduced another race with very straight set eyes and much more animation than the other races. Then the invading Mongal, Tibeto, or Chino, married these, and the Siamese pure, which introduced the race of "Sam Sams." Of all this admixture the Anamese are the dirtiest and most slothful of all the races in the Malay archipelago, but have maintained their racial lineage purer than the rest. Of all the newcomers the Chinese are the most productive, they work hard, marry the Siamese women, and produce a race of Luk-Chins as they are called, or it is a name given to all Chinese children offspring of this kind of a marriage. Religions were many, but in the earliest times Buddhism was introduced and has now become the universal religion of Muang Thai.

The population of Siam has never been known, and many estimates have been given, but nine million is a probable fair estimate, divided into six groups, five hundred thousand Cambodians and Anamites, three million Chinese and Luk-Chins, fifty thousand Malays and Hindoos, two million Shans, Laos, Burmese and Pequans, three million Siamese pure, and about one thousand Europeans, American Missionaries, Sikhs, Arabs, Parsees and Jews, a few individuals of most all countries. But let us turn to the history of this race of the valley of Meinan and Mekong. Their history is legendary until 1350, when the second city of Ayuthia, the old capital, was founded with great pomp and care. All of the sooth-sayers were consulted, and decided that on the sixth day of the waning moon, the fifth month, at ten minutes before four P. M., the foundations were laid. Three great palaces were erected in honor of King Uthong the Phra-rama thai-bodi of Siam who began the reign that was to continue unbroken for the next five hundred years. The first great war was with Cambodia, in which she was conquered in 1532, and this so inspired them with that unrest of conquest, that they extended their rule to Singapore with nu-

merous successes and reverses until Siam of to-day is small, in comparison to that of a few years ago. In 1540 the Cambodians defeated the Siamese, then in 1544 Pegu conquered Burmah and Siam, and in 1563 Pegu demanded one of Siam's white elephants. Siam refusing brought on a bloody war, and in 1612 the first English ship ascended the Meinan to Ayuthia. The Portuguese sent missionaries in 1620, and in 1683 a Greek shipwrecked sailor by the name of Phaulkom Chow Phya Vijayendra, arrived in Siam and carried great favor with the King Phra Narai, introducing the idea of European alliances. In 1865 he conducted negotiations with Louis IV's ambassadors, but the affair was a failure, because each were directly opposed to the other. Phaulkon was loyal to the King of Muang thai, and fortified the river. One fort at the mouth of Llong Bang Luang, called Vijayens Fort, remains, even to-day, and was named in his honor.

In 1690, being a foreigner and standing before all the nobles in the King's favor, every mishap was attributed to him, and they murdered him and revolted against the King.

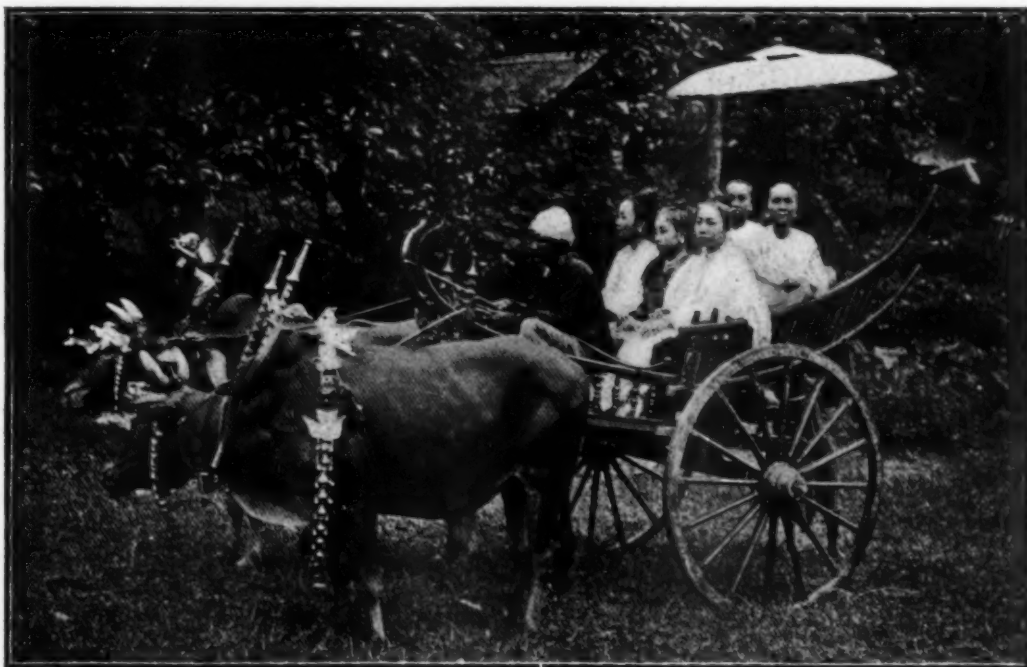
Civil wars were common and Burmah, under her powerful Alompra, continued to fight with great success, and in 1759 he took Mergin, Tavoy and Tenasserim from Siam, in 1767 so completely whipping them that the sacred city had to be forsaken, and this caused the founding of their new capital and the choosing of another line of Kings.

In 1781 Phy-Tak, a Chinaman, led Siam's forces successfully against Burma, but a rebellion was raised against his tyranny until in 1782 another King, Pra yod, the founder of the present dynasty, came to the throne and favored the city of Bangkok on the Meinan, and extended her sway and rule over the whole Malay peninsula.

Siam's five hundred years of war strengthened their invading forces and helped to make them a warrior nation, one to master, not to be commanded. When enemies are pressing on all sides they think of only self-preservation.

But just a word about Ithamar and the Chinese government. In 1673 Siam was hard pressed and applied to the Imperial Chinese Government for investiture as a tributary state, and at one time all of our Further India had applied much in the same way. The imperial grant was sealed and one hundred years later signed. In 1869, during the Taeping Rebellion, the presents were not sent, and an ambassador was sent to China, therefore, asking that ships carry the

ramindra Maha Chula Longkorn is the fifth of his line, and succeeded his father the Knighted King Mongkat in 1868. He is a remarkable man. His father procured an English governess, who gave him a fair education. He has always received all missionaries from all countries and creeds, and although a devout Buddhist, he believes that all missionaries do a deal of good, as his ideas are broad and modern. He abolished slavery and does all in his power to bet-



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GOING TO THE WEDDING OF THE VICEROY, SIAM.

presents to Canton. China would not agree, and Siam refused to pay either tribute, or send presents. Siam is today free, but if she was brought before an international tribunal, she would be adjudged a Chinese tributary state. But China said nothing after sending an ambassador demanding a continuance of the tribute, which Siam flatly refused to do.

Siam is an absolute monarchy without any limit to right and legislation. The monarch is also the chief executive, his senaptis, agents and advisors are alone responsible to him.

The present King Samdetch Phra Pa-

ter the condition of his subjects. So impressed has the present administration become with his wide awake ideas that Congress introduced a resolution, asking him to visit the United States, at the nation's expense.

The three provinces, Muang Chan, Nai, Na dan, Pradesrast, are governed by the King's appointees. Army she has none, but in time of war everybody that can carry anything is conscripted. Schools are few and very poor, but she is sending a number of boys all over Europe and America every year to be educated. They have telegraph connections established and have begun to

build up a good trade with no national debts to handicap her progress. Whatever the future of Siam may be, she promises to follow in the wake of modern civilization as the Japanese, who are justly called the Yankees of the East.

Now let us take a look at their social conditions. The greatest feature of Siam's government is, or was, a systematic state of serfdom, and every subject was a slave to the King, and the forms became almost the same as in India, and we are led to believe the laws

citizens in the moral districts wore only panungs, they were even more beautiful than the semi-European close-fitting cotton jackets. The men and women at Bangkok wear their hair short. Some of the women have adopted European clothing, but it is certainly an ugly substitute for the native panung. The children go naked, and it is nothing to see a little girl or boy, six, eight or nine years old, with his arms and legs covered with bracelets of beaten gold, and his topknot neatly encircled with the



From "Siam and Laos." Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

TYPES OF SIAMESE WOMEN.

a copy of the ancient Cambodian regime. No subject of the Cambodian's empire was exempt from military duty, and when the King gave an order to a noble he passed it down one from the other until it reached the poor plebeian, who has the burden of it all. The abolishment of slavery regulated this, and did away with caste. It was the corvee system that England found so hard to break in Burmah, but a freedman under these conditions is a slave still, because he has no one to succor him and finds himself in an even worse condition than did the slaves of '65.

The dress of the Siamese is simple, but elegant, and although the average

white mali wreath, making a beautiful headdress. The topnot is worn until he becomes a man, when it is removed with great ceremony by the priests of Buddha. Tattooing has never been so perfected in Polynesia in Laos and Siam proper. The women of Laos wear skirts, not panungs, and long hair, which is kept in a neat coil or elaborately done up after the Chinese or Japanese fashion.

During January the Siamese have always suffered from cold, but now the imported stuffs find ready sale. The food is fruit, rice, fish. Chewing the betel nut has had its day, and the introduction of tobacco has or is fast supplanting this custom. Priests, monks, men and boys

now carry cigarettes and match boxes. They are mostly Buddhists and do not drink. The people are usually poor and hundreds live in house boats on the water. Their furniture consists of a few pots, pillows, lamps and a terra cotta stove, and most of the families become river colonies. For when a man's son marries he builds an attachment to his father's house and so continuing them

Siamese father is usually anxious to part with his daughters, and the girl has nothing to say in the matter, and usually follows the instructions of her father.

Cases of marriage for love are rare, yet some of the wealthier class intermarry to keep their wealth together. When a nobleman desires a wife he dispatches a go-between with a snow white pigeon and a rose, which is laid at the feet of



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AN ELEPHANT PLOUGHING IN SIAM.

until after a few years it becomes a little village. Gambling is their great curse, cock fights and trained fish furnishing the principal means.

Siam is the place for Brigham Young's followers. You can have as many wives as you like. But a poor man considers more than one a luxury which he cannot afford. The old first King put Brigham in the shade, leaving eighty-seven living children and many dead. With the poorer class no religious ceremony is required, but the better class invite a priest to the wedding. When a rich man needs a wife he buys one. A

the lady in question. If accepted, she liberates the pigeon and puts the rose in her bosom. The lover waits in the garden of his house with his friends for the return of the pigeon and welcomes him with much joy. The father of the bride orders his state canoe and pays a visit to the bridegroom. He is heartily welcomed and entertained, and the bridegroom remarks that a pigeon has flown into the house. At the same time at the house of the bride the same kind of a festival is going on and all of her friends are congratulating her upon having an offer of marriage. The bridegroom has a new state canoe built for his bride and

acquaints the future father-in-law of the fact that his daughter is going to be married. He affects to have never heard of it before, and solemnly swears she will not leave his house unless a large dowry is paid. Then comes the great auction,

ceived by his relations and friends and installed in her new home, and they are considered man and wife.

The sick are well cared for. The poorer classes throw their dead bodies out in the sun to decay and allow the vultures



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A SIAMESE BEAUTY.

each vying with the other to see how cheap or dear they can make their bargains, and when they finish they call in a talapoin and sign an agreement that in case of quarrels or anything that might lead to separation, to send her back with a double dowry. Then the bridegroom calls on the father-in-law, leaves the state canoe, in which she follows him to her new home, where she is re-

ceived by his relations and friends and installed in her new home, and they are considered man and wife.

Just a word about the language and music. It is a branch of, or a cultivated member of a group of languages, which all Indo-China belongs. It is very hard to acquire, so as to speak, but very easy to learn to read. This language is

chiefly spoken throughout the kingdom, except in the South, where Malay is spoken. Books are few, being mostly pali, and Scriptural texts make up the list.

Now they have begun by order of the King, to establish schools and print text books in the two languages.

Their music, or all music of the east, is so different from ours that a comparison is unessential. It is melodramatic. Their instruments consist of a

three-stringed guitar, a Javanese flute and an organ of bamboo reeds. Conch shells are used in the religious procession, much the same as the Jews of hundreds of years ago.

Their actors and actresses are the most noted in the east, their plays being founded on Hindoo, Javanese and Siamese legends. Burlesques and shadow-graph are rife and their dress being the richest of any players in the world, their finger tips are tipped in gold.

WINONA.*

A TALE OF NEGRO LIFE IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO VII.

About 1840 a white man appeared in Buffalo, N. Y., and joined his fortunes with the Indian tribes of that section, finally becoming their chief with the name of White Eagle, and making his home on an island in Lake Erie.

Buffalo was the last and most important station of the underground railroad. Among the fugitives was a handsome slave girl whom the chief married; she died, leaving him a daughter, Winona. Another fugitive died, leaving a male child whom the chief adopted, by the name of Judah. The children passed their childhood in hunting, fishing and attending the public schools.

In 1855 Warren Maxwell, an Englishman, came to America for his law firm in search of the heir to the Carlingford estates, which were left without an heir, the legal claimant having fled to America to escape a charge of murder. Maxwell arrives at Buffalo in a heavy storm, and stops at a hostelry kept by Mr. Ebenezer Maybee. In the night Winona and Judah bring the news that White Eagle has shot himself. The two men return to the island with the children; find the chief dead, and the verdict is murder by unknown parties. The children are friendless; Maxwell is greatly interested in them, and proposes taking them back to England with him. He leaves Buffalo for a few weeks, and upon his return finds that the children have been claimed by their mothers' owners under the Fugitive Slave Act, and taken to Missouri.

Two years later Maxwell visits the plantation of Colonel Titus, still searching for heirs to the Carlingford estates, on which Titus has a distant claim, and there he finds Winona and Judah. Judah visits him by night, and tells of the cruelties he has suffered. Winona and he are to be taken to St. Louis the next week and sold. They plan an escape. Maxwell agrees to meet them on steamer.

While waiting their arrival Maxwell meets Mr. Maybee, and learns that he is bound for Kansas, to assist the Free Soilers in swinging Kansas into the list of free states. Warren tells him the story of the children, and asks his advice.

Maybee proposes an escape by the underground railroad to John Brown's camp in Kansas.

CHAPTER VIII.

There came a knock at Preacher Sampson Steward's cabin door that same night about midnight. Instantly his mind was on the alert. He had been stretched on the bed at full length for an hour listening intently to sounds outside. The thunder and lightning had ceased, and the rain and the wind beat

a monotonous tattoo against the window panes. There was a world of possibilities in that knock. He could not from the sound tell whether it heralded peace or war, and these were troublous times in Kansas. It was in Preacher Steward's nature to speak his convictions fearlessly, and this made him a special object of hatred to many proslavery men who would have gladly rid the country of his presence, did not his well known courage and marksmanship afford him some protection against open attack.

A tallow candle sputtered in its place on the stand. Near the stand was the window, protected by a wooden shutter. Beside him on the bed where he lay half-dressed, his wife and two children lay wrapped in slumber. The knock was repeated; Steward sprang to the floor, reached out his hand and grasped his pistols, laying them handy for use on the stand by the sputtering candle, seized his rifle, cocked it, slipped the heavy iron bolt of the door with his free hand, stepped back a pace and drew a bead on the door, then with set face and tightly drawn lips, he said firmly:

"Come in!"

The door swung open, admitting a gust of rain and wind. The tall, stout figure of Ebenezer Maybee was outlined against the blackness of the night, his attire plentifully sprinkled with the mud and rain. One hand held a driving whip, the other grasped the door-latch,

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while his keen eyes watched the white face behind the rifle whose muzzle almost touched his breast, yet giving no sign of fear.

"What!" The parson turned fighter with a vengeance," he said at length, in quiet tones. "This ain't at all 'bligatory on you, Steward. You ought to know my knock by this time. Put up your gun."

Steward instantly complied.

"Is it you, Maybee?" he queried, standing the weapon with its muzzle against the wall. "Come in!"

"Somethin' inter-estin' you've picked up by the way of makin' your friends welcome, Steward?" Maybee replied, with a grim smile, as he closed the door and advanced to grasp the minister's extended hand.

"God forgive me, Maybee, but it is more than human nature can stand. Sunday week it was only by a special act of Providence that my congregation escaped massacre. Since then I'm a marked man. I am on special guard duty to-night."

"What's up?"

"Had a message from the Rangers."

An exchange of significant glances followed this speech.

"Oh, I see. Perhaps then we'd better bring in our fugitives at once."

"What have you this time?"

"A young man and woman and a young Englishman, who is helping them away. It's a long story. All of 'em's good shots; the gal ain't slow on a pinch."

"Good!" replied the parson, evidently relieved. "We can put her in the loft. The Lord sent you, Maybee; it's inspiration to have some one to help out in an emergency."

"You're really expectin' trouble, then?"

"Yes; but let's get them in as quickly as possible. After that I'll tell you all about it."

The storm had chilled the air, and the parson kindled a fire in the stove, throwing on a plentiful supply of wood.

"I'm ready. Come to the door."

Maybee obeyed; the parson blew out the candle, leaving the room in darkness.

"Now bring them in. I'll stay here till you return. Be careful, and lose no time."

Maybee opened the door and the darkness instantly swallowed him. When he returned with the fugitives, Steward saw dimly, by the firelight shining among the shadows, the beautiful girl and the stalwart black. He regarded Winona with a look of vague wonder and admiration. In all his life he had seen no women to compare with her.

He noted, too, the golden hair and fair complexion of the young Englishman. It was no common party that sought the shelter of his rude cabin on this stormy night. His familiar eye noted the signs of strength, too, in the youthful figures.

"Good!" he told himself. "If we do have a call from the Rangers, we'll die with our boots on; that's some satisfaction."

He beckoned to Maybee, and speaking a few words to his wife who was awake, thrust his pistols into an inner pocket, and directing Warren to bolt the door after them and not to open save at a given signal, the two men went out into the storm to feed and stable the horses. This accomplished, they returned to the house, and after carefully fastening the door, Steward lighted the candle and began preparing supper for his unexpected guests.

"Now, Maybee, where from and where bound? Tell me all about it."

In a few graphic sentences, in his peculiar mixed dialect, Mr. Maybee rehearsed the story with which we are so well acquainted.

The parson listened intently with an occasional shake of the head or a sympathetic glance in the direction of Winona. "I caught up with 'em at the ferry, an' I took the ol' road so's to lessen the chances of pur-suit or of meetin' any on-welcome company on the way. I've sent word to Captaing Brown to look out for us. It was a bluff game with odds, but we've won," he concluded.

Steward laughed.

"We have generally proved winners even with the odds against us."

Warren leaned back against the wall of the rude cabin wearied from the long nervous strain, but listening intently to all that passed.

"Judah's a lion, and Winona has the pluck of a man," Maybee went on. "She doesn't whimper, but jes' saws wood an' keeps to her in-structions."

Warren spoke now.

"You have as many manœuvres to gain admittance to your house as some of the Indian fighters I used to read about when a boy. What are you expecting to-night, Mr. Steward?"

"Some of the gang," replied the parson, stopping in his occupation of cutting strips of bacon for the frying pan. "They have threatened me with vengeance because I sheltered John Brown and his men on their way north a month or two back. Reynolds brought me word this morning that they had concluded to visit me to-night. Reynolds hasn't the nerve to come out as I do, and avow his principles, but maybe it's better so that the gang don't know it; through him I keep informed of all their movements."

"Don't know thar leetle program, do you?" carelessly questioned Maybee, as he threw back the lid of the coffee-pot to keep its contents from boiling over.

"No; Reynolds didn't learn that," replied Steward, as he adjusted the meat in the pan and placed it over the fire, "He thinks their intention is to decorate my anatomy with tar and feathers."

"Mos' cert'n'ly," nodded Maybee, as he took his turn at tending the frying meat while Steward sliced potatoes to brown in the bacon fat after the meat was cooked.

"Mr. Steward, if we had been of their number when we came to the door just now, what would you have done?" asked Warren.

The parson held his knife over a half-peeled potato, and looked the young man in the face, while his eyes glowed with excitement.

"Well, had you been one of Bill

Thomson's riders, I would have sent a bullet through you without a word. It is written: 'This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thy head from thee.'"

"Pardon me for what I am about to say," continued Warren, "but I cannot understand how you can reconcile such a proposed course with your profession. I make no pretention to piety myself, but I have a profound respect for those who conscientiously do."

The preacher faltered.

"Don't misunderstand me," Warren hastened to say, seeing the man of God hesitate. "I am not charging you with anything. I simply cannot reconcile the two ideas, that's all. I don't quite understand your position."

"That's jest what I've wanted to say to Steward here, many a time, but not being gifted with gab, which mos' people calls eddi-kation, I haven't been able to perceed like the prefesser," meaning our English friend, Mr. Maxwell. "Thar was that secret citizens' meetin' down in the timber, and Steward was fer shootin' down at sight without a trial all onery cusses that was even suspected of bein' onfriendly to the principles of the Free-Staters. Dad gum 'em, that's my methods to a T, but it's kin' o' rough jestice fer a parson," chuckled Maybee.

"Well, gentlemen, what would you do in my place? What show have I against a gang of ten or more men unless I meet them promptly with the initiative? What better course could I have pursued with the mob that came to our church during service? When I beheld them round about us and heard their savage cries, when I saw the terror of the women and children and bethought me of their fate if perchance, the men were all slain, I girded up my loins and taking a pistol in each hand, I led forth my elders and members against the Philistines; and I said to them: 'This day I will give the carcasses of your hosts unto the fowls of the air, and the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.' Verily, not one was spared.

"To-night I was here single-handed. I have a wife and two children dependent on me for support. Must I be denied the right of defense against superior numbers because I hate slavery and have the courage of my convictions?"

The speaker's eyes—his whole face, in fact—glowed and scintillated with holy wrath and firm conviction in the justice of his case.

"No, let me explain further!" Warren hastened to exclaim, "It is not your defense that I question, but your aggressive spirit. Now, as I understand it, these men are a part of the territorial militia; if so, do not your acts smack somewhat of treason?"

"Treason! the word by which traitors seek to hang those who resist them. I hate the laws that make this country a nursery for slavery, and I resist them by rescuing all who come to me for refuge. Three hundred will not excuse the number that have passed this station on the underground railroad since I have been here. Oppression is oppression, whether it enslaves men and women and makes them beasts of burden, or shuts your mouth and mine if we utter humane protests against cruelty. If this is treason, make the most of it; there's one thing certain, unless I am caught napping, they are going to pay dearly for whatever advantage they secure over me."

"I concur with you," Warren replied, rising from his seat, and pacing back and forth thoughtfully. "You have a perfect right to defend your home from brutal attack, and so long as I am here I am subject to your orders. But let us hope the storm will soon blow over; the South will see its error and the Negroes will be granted freedom by peaceful means."

Steward and Maybee laughed silently and heartily at the young man's earnest words.

"Ef you stayed 'roun' here long nuff and warn't a British subjec', my fren', you might git a taste of this scrimmage that'd con-vince you that the South is a horned hornet on the nigger question. Time 'n tide nor God A'mighty won't

change the honery skunks. Them's my sentimen's."

"The storm," said Judah with wild exultation in his voice, "the storm is but gathering force. These bloody happenings which are convulsing Missouri and Kansas are but the preliminary happenings to a glorious struggle which will end in the breaking of every chain that binds human beings to servitude in this country."

Warren regarded him in astonishment.

"Why do you think so, Judah?"

"I cannot tell. But I feel that the sin will be punished in a great outpouring of blood and treasure until God says it is enough. The day of deliverance for the Negro is at hand."

"Amen! The boy is a true prophet. 'Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear.' Bring your chairs up to the table and have some hot coffee and a bit to eat."

The meal over, from which all rose refreshed and strengthened, Steward placed a ladder against the wall and mounting it, threw back a trap door in the ceiling closely concealed by festoons of strings of dried apples and bunches of onions and herbs. He then returned to the room and lit an extra candle, beckoning Winona to follow him up the steep ascent. Speaking a few words of caution to her, he descended the ladder, which he removed and put out of sight. Warren watched his movements with great curiosity. How fast he was gaining a true knowledge of life and living here in these American wilds among a rough but kindly people. These friends of the fugitive slaves lived by but one principle, "Greater love than this hath no man."

His refined sensibilities were satisfied by the melo dramatic coloring of his surroundings. The atmosphere of art had affected him enough for him to perceive the beauties of the picture made by the stalwart men, the gigantic black's refined prowess and the noble lines and graceful pose of Winona's neck and shoulders.

Preacher Steward moved out a number of wooden sea chests from beneath the tall, four-posted bed where his wife and children lay wrapped in slumber. He spread at the extreme back of the open space a pair of blankets and then signed Judah to creep under the bed; when he had done so, the parson pushed back the trunks as nearly as possible to their old positions, thus completely concealing the fugitive from view.

"We can't start before five o'clock, and we may as well get all the rest we can," said Maybee.

It was after midnight when Warren, Maybee and their host lay down upon the floor which was spread with a buffalo robe and blankets.

"It's the best the railroad can offer under the circumstances. The railroad isn't wealthy and we have to put up with some discomforts."

"This beats sleeping on the ground without blankets, as we sometimes bivouac out to Captaining Brown's camp, all holler," replied Maybee, sleepily. "Declar', I'm dead beat."

"As I understand it, this isn't a railroad; it is only hiding fugitives as they pass to Canada."

"Exactly. But many people believe in an underground railroad, with regular trains running on time, stopping points, and everything in railroad style?"

"Really?"

"You bet," grunted Maybee, half-asleep.

"Yes, sir; some men of fair intelligence, too, have faith in it. They can account for the results we accomplish in no other way. A fugitive is passed along by us, night after night, until he secures his freedom. Our methods are a profound mystery."

"Let 'm stop right thar," returned Maybee. "You fellers'd better git to sleep."

Steward extinguished the light, placed his weapons where they could be reached instantly, and laid down by Warren. The rain still fell gently down in a patter on the roof, the little clock ticked in its place over the wooden stand. Warren could not sleep. An

hour passed. There was a footstep. Warren's ear alone caught the sound. He raised himself on his elbow and grasped his pistol. There were more steps. They came nearer. A hand was passed cautiously over the door. Warren touched the form of Steward.

"What is it?" he asked in a whisper. "Listen!"

The movement at the door continued as softly as before.

"Who's there?" called out Steward.

"Travellers; we want to find the road."

"Where from?"

"Missouri."

"Where yer boun?" shouted Maybee, jumping to his feet. There was a sound of parleying in subdued voices at Maybee's question. Then came the answer, "Nebraska."

"You're right for that. This is the Jim Lane route. Keep the main road and you'll not miss it," again answered Steward. A moment passed. Then came the inquiry: "Can you put us up till mornin'?"

"Cayn't do it," spoke up Maybee again. "Our beds are full. How many of you?"

"Two."

"Sorry, but you'll have to keep on. Can't do anything for you."

"Say, have you seen anything of a nigger man an' gal an' a white man a-pilotin' 'em?"

"Nary one, mister," again spoke up Maybee.

"Reckon we'll push on then."

The sound of horses' feet died in the distance.

After that there was no more sleep in the cabin, though the remainder of the night passed in quiet.

Steward and his guests were early astir. The storm had cleared. The men left the house to prepare for an early start at the first streaks of dawn; when they returned, Mrs. Steward had breakfast ready.

Silence pervaded the little band. Each was pre-occupied with thoughts he did not care to discuss.

CHAPTER IX.

In the early morning light they rode away through the quiet beauty of the woods. The sweetness of the cool air was grateful to them after the feverish anxiety of the night. The dew of the morning sparkled on bud and leaf, and the sunlight sifted dimly through the trees.

Parson Steward rode at the head of the small cavalcade, and Mr. Maybee at the rear; Winona was between Warren and Judah. It was Warren, however, who had helped her to mount and who did the countless trivial things which add to one's comfort, and are so dear to a woman, coming from one man.

Winona was only sixteen, and she was dreaming the first enchanted dream of youth. She did not attempt to analyze the dazzling happiness it was to once more meet and be remembered by the one object of the pure-hearted and passionate hero-worship of her childish soul; but in which, alas! for her lay the very seed of the woman's love, that must now too surely spring up into full life, forcing her presently to know it by its right name.

For two years he had been a cherished, never forgotten memory; but whom in bodily form she was never to see again. Yet so small is the world, within a week he had suddenly walked into her life again, he had offered his frankest, loyalest friendship, and opened his prison-doors with that strong right hand of his which had both power and will.

She rode along the forest lanes in a waking dream; she was too young to look far into the future, the present was enough for her. One thing was certain, she would never, never marry, because, of course, it was quite impossible she should ever marry Warren Maxwell, and a union with another would be horrible to her.

In the life she had led as a slave, this poor child had learned things from which the doting mother guards the tender maidenhood of her treasure with rigid care; so the girl thought of marriage or its form, with the utmost free-

dom. No, she would try to serve this man in some way, in the course of her life, she knew not how, but sometime she would be his guardian angel—she would save his life at the sacrifice of her own—nothing was too great to render him in service for his noble generosity.

It was a child's dream in which there mingled unconsciously much of the passionate fervor of the woman, the desire to devote herself and to suffer for her hero, to die for him even, if it would serve him.

As for Warren—no man could look quite unmoved on the living picture the girl made as she sat her horse with ease and held the reins with no uncertain hand. She was so little changed, yet so much; some taller, but the same graceful form, now so rounded, the some exquisite contour of feature, and soft, dark face so full of character, so vivid with the light of the passionate soul within.

He could not dream the wild leap and throb of the young heart as she turned and caught his blue eyes bent earnestly upon her. She had early learned control in a hard school, but the light in her eyes, the joy in her face, was beyond hiding.

That chemistry of the spirit which draws two irresistibly together, through space and against time and obstacles, kept them conscious only of each other. Winona resisted the intimation of happiness so like what had come to her in her beloved Erie's isle while with her father, yet so unlike. This joy was a beam from heaven; blessedness seemed so near.

Judah watched them, himself forgotten, and his features hardened. Was it for this he had suffered and toiled to escape from his bonds? If they had remained together in slavery, she would have been not one whit above him, but the freedom for which he had sighed had already brought its cares, its duties, its self-abnegation. He had hoped to work for her and a home in Canada; it had been the dream that had buoyed his heart with hope for weary days; the dream was shattered now. He saw that

the girl would not be satisfied with his humble love.

"So it is," he told himself bitterly. The white man has the advantage in all things. Is it worth while struggling against such forces?"

A while he mused in this strain as they swept on in silence, save for the subdued tones of the couple beside him. Then came softer thoughts, and his face lost the hard, revengeful look. He would not despair; the end was not yet. Many men had admired pretty faces. Let Maxwell beware and let it end in admiration only; he knew the worth of a white man's love for a woman of mixed blood; how it swept its scorching heat over a white young life, leaving it nothing but charred embers and burnt-out ashes. God! had he not seen. He—Judah—was her natural protector; he would be faithful to White Eagle's trust.

Towards twilight, they swerved from the direct road and entered a wooded slope. For some hours the hills surrounding Lawrence had been the point they were making. The naked woods showed the cup-like shape of the hills there—a basin from which radiated upward wooded ravines edged with ribs of rock where a few men could hold the entrance against great odds. In this basin on the edges of a creek John Brown was encamped. The smoke of a fire was visible in the dim light. As they advanced, a picket's gun echoed a warning from rock to rock. They halted then and dismounted, tying their horses to the branches of trees and stood ready to answer questions. Two men with guns came out from the bushes, with the words: "Stop thar. Free or pro-slavery? Whar you from?" Warren learned afterwards that these were two of Brown's sons.

Receiving satisfactory answers from Maybee and the Parson, our party passed on until they reached the creek where a group of horses stood saddled for a ride for life, or to hunt for Southern invaders. In an open space was a blazing fire, from which the smoke they had seen came; a pot was hung over it;

a woman with an honest, sunburned face was superintending the preparations for supper. Three or four armed men were lying on red and blue blankets on the ground, and two fine-looking youths—grandsons of John Brown—stood near, leaning on their arms.

Old John Brown himself stood near the fire with his shirt sleeves rolled up, a large piece of pork in his hands which he had cut from a pig, barely cold, lying near.

In the woods' dark shadows nestled rude shelter-huts made from the branches of trees.

The travellers received a hearty welcome, and a number of women immediately surrounded Winona and hurried her to the largest hut.

Warren saw her once before leaving the next morning. "Good-bye, Winona; I shall return in a few weeks at longest. You are safe now until we can reach Canada."

"Good-bye, Mr. Maxwell. Do not speak so confidently. How can we tell that you will ever return or that I shall ever see Canada? I hate these good-byes," she said, with trembling lips.

Warren took the childish hand in his and kissed it. "Let us add 'God willing.'"

"No more time," called Parson Steward. "We've a good twenty miles and a bit before night," the next moment they had shaken hands with Maybee and Judah, and were riding out of camp.

The condition of Warren's mind was one of bewilderment. He had never in his life imagined anything like his experiences of the past few days. Now and again across the confusion of his mind, images floated vaguely—a white throat tinted by the firelight, a supple figure, a rapt young face, a head held with all a princess' grace, and dark, flashing eyes. The sound of a sweet voice, soft but not monotonous, fascinated his senses, as he recalled the tones repeating commonplace answers to commonplace questions. Somehow, the poor gown accented the girl's beauty.

Toward the close of the next day, the two men rode along in silence, save

when Steward broke forth in song. He was singing now in a good baritone voice:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the skies."

Warren listened to him dreamily. The voice chimed in harmoniously with the surroundings. The evening shadows were falling rapidly and the soft twilight folded them in its embrace. Maxwell was to stop another night at the cabin, and then riding on some fifteen miles, connect with the next boat on its regular trip to St. Louis.

Presently the singer changed his song to grand old "Coronation," his powerful voice swelling on the air-waves, mingling with the rustling of the leaves stirred by the balmy air, echoing and re-echoing through the wooded glen: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The young man wondered that he had never before realized the beauties of the noble hymn.

All the while their horses covered the ground in gallant form. Wonderful to relate, they had met with no marauding parties; but here and there, Steward pointed out to him the signs of desolation in the dreary woods where once prosperous farms had smiled; now the winds sighed over barren fields and broken fences, and the ghostly ruins of charred houses lifted their scarred skeletons against the sky in a mute appeal for vengeance.

The horsemen came to the high-road; soon they would be out in the open, clear of the woods. Warren's mind, by one of those sudden transitions which come to us at times, seemed to carry him bodily into his peaceful English home. He could see the beautiful avenues of noble trees, and the rambling, moss-covered manse; he could see the kindly patrician face of his father, and his brothers and sisters smiled at him from every bush. The Parson was ahead.

Suddenly he saw the horse stop.

"Ssh!"

Steward threw the word of caution over his shoulder at Maxwell. They halted, standing motionless in their tracks. A moment of breathless silence passed; then came the second sound of the soft clink of metal against stone, though no one was visible in the ghostly shadows of the twilight. Warren sat motionless as Steward peered about with the stealthy caution of a fox.

Why should the horse tremble? It was a second before he realized. He lurched forward in the saddle; there was a sharp pain in his shoulder; his arm dropped useless. He heard another shot, followed by a wild shout in the "fighting parson's" voice—"Blow ye the trumpet blow!" "Slay and spare not!"

Then another shot came to his benumbed faculties; then silence; he was galloping on in the darkness. On and on his frightened horse whirled him. By this time he was so faint from his wound that he could only dimly discern objects as he was whirled past the trees. Half a mile farther, the animal stumbled as he leaped over an obstacle in the path. Riderless, he sped over the highway; Warren lay motionless under the blossoming stars.

Out from the shadows of the trees came figures and voices.

"Hold the light. He ain't dead, is he?" queried the familiar voice of Bill Thomson.

"Looks like it, but reckon he's only wounded," replied Gideon Holmes, Bill's lieutenant.

Thomson bent over the insensible man, deftly feeling his heart's motion. Then he raised himself and stood looking down thoughtfully on the youth.

It was a motley crowd of Southern desperadoes, men who stopped at nothing in the line of murder and rapine.

"Say, Jim," whispered a slight, thin man to his neighbor, "I wouldn't be in that young feller's shoes fer money——"

"What's he studyin', do ye reckon, Dan?"

"Hell!" was the expressive answer.

"What's agin the boy?" asked Jim.

"Stole two o' his niggers, so he says."

"Well, sir! Nasty mess. He won't git off easy."

"No. Say, what's Bill doin' neow? Looks interestin'."

Thomson had taken the gold from Warren's money-belt and the contents of his saddle-bags and was parcelling money and clothing impartially among his followers. Warren's revolvers were stowed in Thomson's own belt; then his garments followed suit, one man getting his boots, another his coat, still another his hat and so on.

While this was going on the unfortunate man revived and stared up into the devilish face of Bill Thomson. He groaned and closed his eyes.

"Howd'y, Mr. Maxwell? Didn't think I'd meet up with you so soon again, did you? Well, I've got you. Been after you ever since you left the 'Crescent,' and a mighty pretty chase it's been. Now, I want my niggers. I ain't foolin'. Where's they at?"

"I can't tell you," gasped Warren painfully.

"Look here, my friend, you've got to tell me. It's worth your life to you. You answer me true an' straight an' I'll make it all right for you. If you don't——" He paused ominously. "I'll let a Missouri crowd kill you! It won't be nice, easy killin', neither."

"I can't tell you," again Warren answered, looking up resolutely into the sinister face bending above him.

"Got grit," muttered Sam to Dave.

Warren was trembling, and the cold drops in the roots of his hair ran down his forehead. He was not afraid; he was a man who did not know the name of fear or cowardice, but Thomson's evil looks sent a chill to his heart. Ebenezer Maybee's words of a few nights back rang in his ears monotonously: "You might git a taste of this scrimmage that'd con-vince you that the South is a horned hornet on the nigger question."

"Well," said Bill, "made up yer mind? Spit it out!"

Warren looked him in the eye without flinching; he did not answer.

Bill Thomson was what is called

"foxy." He eyed his prisoner a spell and then said in quite another tone:

"Look a-here. I ain't goin' back on old England. You're my countryman, and I'm goin' to give you a square deal. You're what we call to home a high-tined gentleman. If you'll give us all the points possible an' lead the gang by the rout you've jes' come, you needn't say one word. I don't want no man to give his pals away. Will you?"

Their eyes met. The glitter of steel crossed under the lantern's light. Maxwell compressed his lips. Winona stared at him across the shadows of the dim old woods. "Be true," she whispered to the secret ear of his soul. With rapture he read aright the hopeless passion in her eyes when he left her. He knew now that he loved her. With sudden boldness he answered his tormentor.

"You have no right to claim either Winona or Judah as you slave. They are as free as you or I. I will never aid and abet your barbarous system, understanding it as I do now."

There was a cry and a general movement on the part of the crowd.

"Let him free his mind!" said Bill, waving the men back. "What do you mean by 'barbarous system'?"

"I mean a system that makes it right to force a free man or woman into slavery. A system which makes it a crime to utter one's honest convictions."

"Wal, I reckon that'll do fer now," broke in Gideon Holmes.

"I have committed no crime against your laws; if so, why, leave me in the hands of the law."

"We take the law into our own hands these times," replied Gideon.

"Let me labor with him a spell, Gid." Gideon subsided, muttering.

"In the fus' place you are foun' guilty of associatin' with Northern abolitionists; besides that, they have so far corrupted your better judgment as to cause you to become a party to runnin' off slaves."

"Now, Mr. Maxwell, bein' a British subjec', you may not know that in the South sech actions is accountable with

murder and becomes a hangin' affair. Because of your ignorance of our laws, and, whereas, you have fallen into evil company, we will give you a show for your life if you will own up and tell all you know, and help us to recover our property; otherwise, sorry as I should be to deal harshly with a gentleman of your cloth, the law mus' take its course."

"I am aware that I can expect no mercy at your hands. I have spoken freely and stated my honest convictions."

"An' free enough you've been, by gosh!" said Gideon, again breaking in.

Just at this point two men rode out of the woods leading a horse that Warren recognized. It was the parson's.

"Where's he at?" queried Bill.

"Dead's a hammer," answered the one in charge, at whose side dangled the pistols of the "fighting parson."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Git anything out of him about my niggers?"

"No use, Bill; they're up to Brown's camp. Nex' week they'll be in Canidy."

"Well, this one won't escape," said Bill, with a great oath, and a black, lowering look at the prisoner.

Without more talk, Warren was lifted to the back of the parson's horse and firmly bound. Then began a long, wild ride through the night in darkness and silence, bound, helpless, stabbed by every stumble.

Sometimes they trotted on high ground, sometimes the horses were up to their knees in the bog; and once Warren felt a heave of his horse's flanks, and heard the wash of water as if the animals were swimming. He tried to collect his thoughts; he tried to pray, but his mind would wander, and with the pain from his wound and the loss of blood, he was half-delirious. His thoughts were a jumble of hideous pictures.

Meanwhile, Sam and Dan talked together in whispers.

"Fifteen hundred dollars for the slaves or the slave-stealer, dead or

alive, that's what the Colonel has advertised."

"A right smart o' money," replied Dan, "an' only eight o' us to git it."

"Kin' o' sorry 'bout the parson. It'll make again us up North," continued Sam.

"Ya-as, that's so, fur a fac'," acquiesced Dave.

"An' what a hunter he was, shoot the wink off yer eye!" O, Lord, warn't he chock full o' grit. Min' the time he says to Bill, 'you ride fas', but Death'll catch you, an' after death the judgmen'!" queried Sam.

Dan chuckled at the recollection. "Got the dead wood on Bill then, I reckon."

"You bet!" replied Sam, with emphasis.

"Dear, dear, ain't it turrible fur't have't do a man like that mean!" continued Dan.

"But 'twould be turrible to lost the money. I can't tell which would be turriblest!"

"That's a fac'."

"Who's that fool gabin'?" came in a fierce whisper from the front. Then followed silence.

They had emerged from the swamp and were riding through a high, fertile region of farming lands. The moon was rolling high in the heavens, while far toward the east was a faint lightning, the promise of dawn.

Once after crossing a bridge they pulled up and listened, and then rode off into the bushes and stood quietly in hiding. They were evidently anxious to avoid pursuit. Once pistol shots followed them as they fled through the night.

At Weston a crowd of men awaited them, and crossed over to the other side in company with Bill's party. Warren was thrown into a wagon. Presently they stepped from the boat to Missouri's shore.

CHAPTER X.

Warren looked about him in the light of the flaming torches. Men poured

down to the water's edge as fast as they could come. The crowds which surged through the streets day and night were rushing toward the wagon where lay the prisoner, their faces distorted like demons with evil passions.

Bill Thomson mounted the wagon-seat and with an oratorical flourish recounted the prisoner's sins against the "principles of the institootion."

"Gentlemen, take notice!" said Gid Holmes as Bill finished. "This yere man is a abolitionist an' a nigger thief, two crimes we never overlooks, bein' dangerous to our peace and principles. What's your will, gentlemen? Speak out."

"Give him a thrashing first!" "Hang him!" "Burn him!"

And the ruffians dragged the wounded man from the wagon and threw themselves upon him—kicking him in the body—in the face and head—spitting upon him and maltreating him in every way. He defended himself well for a while; his bright head would rise from their buffeting.

"To the cross-roads!" came the hoarse cry from a thousand throats.

Tramp, tramp, on they rushed like a dark river, with cries whose horror was indescribable. It was not the voices of human beings, but more like the cries of wild animals, the screaming of enraged hyenas, the snarling of tigers, the angry, inarticulate cries of thousands of wild beasts in infuriated pursuit of their prey, yet with a something in it more sinister and blood curdling, for they were men, and added a human ferocity.

On they rushed from north, south, east and west, eyes aflame, faces dis-

torted, the brute latent in every human being coming out from his lair to blot out the man, the awful cries, waning, waxing.

Maxwell was in the midst, half-running, half-dragged by a rope knotted about his neck. He fell; the thirsty executioners lifted him up, loosened the rope and gave him time to breath.

The tall young figure looked at the crowd with scorn. The British idea of fair play was in his mind.

"Thousands against one," he seemed to say, "Cowards!"

The crowd moved on a little more slowly, and Warren was able to keep his feet without a tremor.

Some ran on before, and began gathering wood, for it was determined to burn the prisoner as a more fearful example of the death that awaited the men who dared interfere with the "institution." Warren was dragged to the foot of the cross-roads sign and securely bound; the wood was piled about him. The circle was not built as high as his knees, for a slow fire steadily increased, would prolong the enjoyment. Thomson himself carried the brand to light the pile. His eyes met Warren's as he knelt with the blazing pine. Not a word passed between them. A horrible and engrossing interest kept every eye on the glowing light. Presently the barrier of flame began to rise. A thousand voiced cry of brutal triumph arose—not to the skies, so vile a thing could never find the heavenly blue; it must have fallen to the regions of the lost.

They who speak or think lightly of a mob have never heard its voice nor seen its horrible work.

(To be continued.)



HENRY OSCAR WAGONER,*

"THE DOUGLASS OF COLORADO."

A Sketch of His Life and Work.

With the passing away of Henry O. Wagoner, "The Douglass of Colorado," as he has been called, a life of unusual romance and interest has been ended. Probably no other of his race, living at the end of the nineteenth century, had seen so much or had borne such a part in the stirring events that checkered his eighty-four years. The volume of his life is of many chapters. Briefly they can be summed up as follows:

Around a fine old Southern plantation wandered in ante-bellum days a stalwart young man who, although not a slave, had negro blood in his veins. His mother, pronounced a beautiful mulatto, had been taken from a candy booth in the streets of picturesque Hagerstown, Md., and inflamed the heart of a German physician, a wealthy plantation owner. In the library young Henry Wagoner was allowed to wander and dipped in learning, while planning and dreaming for the alleviation of his race. The mixture in his blood made him restless and daring.

In the quest of knowledge and experience the youth went to Galena, O., learned typesetting, and then went to British Columbia, still scheming for the salvation of the oppressed.

He wooed and won an English woman, while teaching in a government school. They were married and went to Chicago, where he established a grain mill, and worked, part of the time on the "Prairie Farmer," now the "Chicago Tribune." Comes to Colorado a gold seeker, but returns in 1860 to Chicago.

His mill became the station of the "underground railway," by which thou-

sands of slaves were shipped to Canada and liberty. He met Frederick Douglass, and there began a life-long intimacy. He also met John Brown, and received his charges, acting as his lieutenant, despite the fact that it was possible death if it was known.

Allen Pinkerton, the famous detective, patrolled the suspicious mill, and to him, after locking in twelve refugees delivered by John Brown, walked Henry Wagoner, revolving in his mind schemes to save them. Wagoner threw himself on Pinkerton's mercy. The detective answered with an oath: "I am an abolitionist myself!" He promised to aid them.

Pinkerton forced a caucus of a Republican convention being held in Chicago, and demanded, and in a dramatic manner obtained, money to help the refugees out of the city.

The civil war.

A son, Henry O. Wagoner, Jr., is appointed by President Grant to the consular service, but dies in Paris after winning honors where color was not held against him.

Wagoner returns to Colorado and takes an active part in public affairs.

Dies January 27, after making over to those dear to him a deed to all his property. The consideration is: "Love and gratitude." A sketch of his life in detail follows:

When Henry Oscar Wagoner died some months since, in Denver, a picturesque

* From "The Daily News," Denver, Col.

character belonging to the days before and those immediately following the war of the rebellion passed away. He was a brave man, not afraid of jeopardizing his own life for the good of his own race, the colored people, whose dark, unhappy condition he had reflected into his own, not from being a slave, but from association with them when a child.

His mother was the child of a Scotch-Irish father and his Negro slave. He was always good to the mother of his child and when he died he gave her and the little girl of eleven years their freedom. She had a special license granted her to keep a street booth, and was for years a favorite among the children of Hagerstown, Md., to whom she sold marvellous goodies of her own concoction. Her daughter grew up to be a most attractive mulatto girl, almost white, with many of the best qualities of the white strain that ran through her blood.

Her son was Henry Wagoner, and his father was a celebrated German physician, who owned a beautiful estate in the South, and up to the age of nineteen Henry wandered over this old plantation, free, but still among the slaves. He learned his letters when four years old, but gained nothing but a very meagre education from schools. His natural aptitude for books had a greater opportunity for cultivation, because of his freedom, and the old house contained many volumes which fed this appetite and formed his tastes for things much superior to others of his race. This fondness for books turned his mind to a trade which would open a field more congenial than any other he could find—that of typesetting. At nineteen he left his native town and went to Galena, Ohio, where he could find work. Four years afterwards found him in British Columbia, teaching in a government school. Here he met and married an English woman of good education, which added another strain of white blood to his children, all of whom had come from educated stock. A son of this marriage bade fair to add distinguished laurels to the family tree, had

not death taken him just as he was rising to a fine position abroad. This son was Henry Wagoner, Jr., who was sent by President Grant to Paris to enter either the consular or diplomatic service. He had been educated at Howard university, Washington, and was a great linguist, speaking English, French and German with fluency and elegance of diction. His manner was also distinguished, and abroad there was no stigma attached to his having Negro blood. He was taken on his merits, as a promising young American of most delightful manners and finished education, a conversationalist out of the ordinary. He was taken ill in Paris and died after suffering for a short time.

It was several years after his British Columbia experience that Mr. Wagoner took his family to Chicago, where he put up a mill on some land he owned. It stood on what is now known as Pacific Avenue and Harrison Street, close to the railroad. He ground corn and wheat, and introduced oatmeal in the market. It was the place that afterwards became famous as the principal station of the "underground railway."

At this period Mr. Wagoner began the most dangerous adventures of his life. Part of the time he worked at his Farmer, the "Chicago Tribune" of today.

Mr. Wagoner came to Colorado when the Pike's Peak gold excitement first began. He left his family and came out, but was back again in Chicago some time before the opening of the war. The mill had been burned down during his absence, and on his return he rebuilt it, and it was then its romantic history began.

It was before the mill was finished, and while Mr. Wagoner and his family were still living out of town, that he and his wife drove into a friend's in the city one Sunday to attend church. This friend was named Jones, and, like himself, was the child of a white parent. His father was an Englishman and his mother a colored woman. Mr. Jones had made much money and lived in a very handsome and elegantly furnished house

and was a prominent citizen of those early days. When Mr. Wagoner and his wife arrived, Mrs. Jones took them into a side room and told Mr. Wagoner that Frederick Douglass was there and with him a friend. Mr. Wagoner already knew Mr. Douglass very well and when he went in to speak to him, Mr. Douglass said: "Mr. Brown, I want you to know my friend Wagoner, who will probably be of great service to you. Wagoner, this is John Brown."

In a quiet and unassuming way Mr. Wagoner used to tell this story of his first meeting with Brown, whom he became closely associated with, and it was Brown's last coup in the North with a small party of refugees, that was almost his undoing.

Many a dark night saw mysterious arrivals and departures from the mill. It was rebuilt on a larger scale, the upper rooms being used for living and the lower for the business. Every secret society of the negroes knew of this rendezvous, and it became the mecca of the hopes of those who were planning a flight toward liberty. Once there, Canada was an assured thing, and the gentle tap on the window at any hour, would in a few moments cause the door to be opened just wide enough for the fugitives to slip in.

All readers of the history of those times are familiar with that last bold dash of John Brown into Iowa with four of his followers, bringing twelve fugitives with him. The Kansas border was keyed to its highest pitch. The very air was vibrant with daring plots and the nervous tension of those actively engaged in the work was strained to the limit of dare-deviltry for the cause they championed. And it was now that the mill saw the most dramatic episode in the many that it harbored. Armed with a recklessness that was far more to be reckoned with than the firearms which bristled in their belts and pockets, this little band of four under John Brown, and their twelve refugees, got into Iowa, where, with the greatest peril to themselves, they were detained by the illness

of one of the women, who gave birth to a child.

It was in the middle of the night that they got to Chicago, and at two o'clock, when that low, cautious rap came on the door of the mill, Mrs. Wagoner, alert to every sound and easily awakened, heard it and immediately aroused her husband. She raised the window of her bedroom, which was just above the door and asked in a voice scarcely audible, even to those beneath, who it was and what was wanted.

"John Brown's men, and make haste."

This was enough. Mr. Wagoner had already gotten into some clothes, almost mechanically, as these midnight cries at his door were answered instinctively. When he got down and found he had thirteen handed over to him for safety he was more than surprised. There was danger enough in hiding two or three, but thirteen, including a baby, which might cry out at any time and give the hiding place away, put a very serious front on the whole affair. But there they were, and true to the spirit within, he never hesitated.

The children of the Wagoner household had become inured to these silent visitors. They would creep up the stairs, room would be made by pushing them back in their own little cots, or a general doubling-up would take place among the children and their beds given over entirely to these guests of the night, who never spoke above a whisper.

The next morning, visitors to the mill and passersby saw all the lower part boarded up and the sign: "Closed for Repairs," nailed up by the door. No suspicion seemed to be aroused by this sudden turn of affairs. All seemed to be going well when a knock was heard on the back door about the middle of the afternoon, and Mrs. Wagoner answered it. She only opened it a crack, and when the man outside asked to see her husband, she took the precaution to lock it again when she went back to call him. The house was thrown into a fever of excitement; there was nothing to do but to see the man and find out what he wanted, so Mr. Wagoner slipped out,

and his wife locked the door behind him.

"Somebody wants to see you across the street," said the man, and, looking over, Mr. Wagoner used to say, in telling the story, that he should never forget as long as he lived, the sensations of that moment. His heart seemed to stop beating and a deafening roar filled his ears. For, on the other side of the street, he saw Allen Pinkerton, the detective, walking back and forth waiting for him.

The fugitive slave law was in active operation. The discovery would mean a year's imprisonment and \$1,000 fine. Mr. Wagoner thought his time had come, and as he crossed the street he went as slowly as possible, trying to think of some scheme by which the present move could be circumvented. Coolest in danger, Mr. Wagoner planned and discarded more schemes in that short space of time than he could have hatched in a year with the necessity withdrawn. The detective had stopped in his walk as soon as he saw Wagoner coming and stood watching him. When he got within speaking distance, he said quietly, "Don't be afraid, Wagoner. I've not come to hurt you." He told him he understood what "closed for repairs" meant and the covered windows.

Mr. Wagoner then told simply and rapidly the whole story of the bold rush North and of the thirteen fugitives inside the mill. "Wagoner," suddenly exclaimed Pinkerton, with an oath, "I might as well tell you that I am an Abolitionist myself, and in hearty sympathy with you. These people must be gotten away at once. I will see what I can do about raising money for them. Tomorrow night at six o'clock sharp, come to my office with one of Brown's men. I shall be alone, and you knock three times as a signal, and I will let you in. By that time I shall be able to tell you what I have succeeded in doing."

To Mr. Wagoner it seemed as if the walls of Paradise had opened and an ineffable light poured in where an instant before all was dark and blank. Pinkerton warned him not to let a soul into the mill but his staunchest friends, and

then he left him. For a moment Mr. Wagoner stood motionless. A silent prayer escaped him, but so audible was it to his own consciousness that he said it sounded as if he had shouted it recklessly aloud to the world, which seemed hushed to hear it.

Pinkerton was a delegate to a Republican convention which was held in the city that night and there were prominent men from all over the country. By some method a secret session was forced through a preconcerted plan. Pinkerton told the story of the thirteen fugitives hiding in the mill and said that money must be raised to get them out of town. If the Democrats heard if it they would make fine capital out of it for the campaign. Many of the delegates demurred against anything being done that night, and on so short a notice, but with the good support he had, Pinkerton was inexorable, and in a few minutes \$300 had been raised, and the greatest obstacle had been removed.

It was exactly at six o'clock that Wagoner and Brown's man were at the door of the detective's on the next night and the signal given. Pinkerton let them in and told them of the arrangements he had made. The midnight train for Detroit stopped at Hyde Park, about two miles out. The fugitives were all to be there the next night, with all their belongings, and gotten aboard the train, which could easily be done without exciting suspicion. The \$300 was given to Mr. Wagoner, who promised to carry out every detail of the plan unfolded by Pinkerton.

It was a cold, drizzling rain through which the fugitives were led the next night. Dark as pitch and stumbling every few steps, they at last reached their rendezvous. Only once had anything happened to startle the silent march of this little company. It was the sudden, sharp cry of the baby, who protested against being almost smothered in a great blanket wrapped round it by the solicitude of Mrs. Wagoner, who was afraid of its catching cold on such a bad night. Feeble as the cry was, it rang out terribly clear to the strained and lis-

tening ears of the fugitives and their guides. Breathlessly they stood still on the instant, but that feeble little protest never carried far enough to do any harm and every one of the refugees were safely boarded on the train and arrived in Detroit, where they were met by John Brown, and sped to British territory and freedom.

Mr. Wagoner never heard from John Brown again personally. Then came the news of the capture at Harper's Ferry, and the finding of the letters in his possession which sent Frederick Douglass to London post haste. This practically closed the history of the mill

as the underground station to the secret railway, but Mr. Wagoner had many experiences afterward when the war broke out, which brought him face to face with death more than once, as a recruiting officer.

Surrounded by portraits of his old-time friends, Mr. Wagoner passed his declining years in comfort with his daughter in Denver. His last wish, to see the opening of the new century before he died, was realized, and he passed away quietly in the first month of it, one of the last remaining figures of a thrilling period in American history.

THE NEGRO AND THE SUNNY SOUTH.*

OR, PREJUDICE THE PROBLEM.

S. C. CROSS.

Many articles, papers, pamphlets, journals, magazines and books have been written about the Negro race. Many sermons have been preached, many stories told—many speeches, lectures and harangues have loudly echoed from the rostrum of debate, against or for the "Man in Black." Some have diligently described him as an inferior race of men. Some have brazenly branded him a brute or beast, without the consolation of eternal Hope or immortal Soul. Many have characterized classified or condemned the Negro as a dependent, shiftless, criminal class of human kind. Others contend that he is purely a colored child of the vast and varied human family, capable of the highest cultivation and opportunities with which the human species are most naturally endowed. With Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley and others, I contend that the Negro is a real species of that gigantic genus Man. I believe that his capabilities and possibilities, under similar social circumstances and natural surroundings, can achieve among the greatest triumphs of the human body and brain.

Some of these literary publications and productions—these compositions, essays, talks and tales—are built upon the sinking sands of superstition, prejudice and malice, of envy and revenge. While still others are framed and founded on lasting facts—erected grandly on the deathless rocks of reason, justice, liberty and love. And yet, some of these misrepresentations are so meager and misleading that they greatly neutralize the Negro's confidence in literature and mislead the mind of man. Therefore, it is frequently extremely hard for unobserving, inexperienced readers to determine what to trust and treat as true. Most Southern and some Northern Anglo-Saxon writers and orators thoughtlessly antagonize and denounce our brother in black to the bitterest end. The majority of Caucasian speakers and authors in the North, with the minority in the South, defiantly defend the unguilty children of chance. On one hand the great plurality of African descent industriously demand their natural rights with a determination to defend themselves as men among the sons of earth. Again on the other hand, a few

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silly, senseless colored women and men employ their penurious penmanship and loquacity to cowardly defame themselves and disgrace the Negro's name.

Moreover, others introduce their discussions with the mere assertion—the peevish proposition that there is no Negro Problem at all. Then they instantly proceed to present the “Negro Problem” in a painfully protracted description, as the most startling and imposing thought of the present age. After all, is there really and truly a Negro Problem for social solution in the United States? Now, let us see. In the first place, if slavery and polygamy are morality and manhood—are honesty, sweetness and grandeur of character—then there is no Negro Problem in the Sunny South. If all men are born equal and equally free; if all have the sublime rights and liberties to thoroughly share the grandest freedom and independence of muscle and mind; if all should naturally enjoy the countless fruits and flowers of hand and brain in their own way; if all these peerless principles are but loathsome lies, then there is no Negro perplexity in my native land. If depriving ten millions of American population of the right to vote and voice for their country and their homes; if to blockade the Negro's road of progress with the frowning barriers of distinction and discrimination in all the worlds of labor and lore; if forcing them to occupy separate schools, special churches, different cars with other institutions which march the pathway of the present to the same distant destiny or goal; if trampling innocent, helpless men, women and children in the dust, stifling their ambitions, smothering their aspirations, strangling their loftiest desires, suffocating their determination to succeed, submerging them beneath the tides of tyranny and treachery, to even roasting them alive at stakes in chains and flames, if this is incivility, dishonesty and brutality, then their is a Negro Problem on our flag—the most commanding and astounding social theme of modern times.

So too, unthinking folks unhesitatingly declare that there is no prejudice

or persecution of the blacks. Let us investigate to ascertain if this is true—to disabuse our minds of misunderstandings and mistakes. If there is no prejudice or intolerance against the Negro blood, why do they furnish separate waiting rooms and provide particular cars for colored passengers? Why is a Negro's presence with the whites in educational institutions, in religious denominations or fraternal organizations, regarded as a scandal and disgrace? Why is his company, acquaintance or association on an equalization with Caucasian stock treated with derision and contempt virtually throughout this great Republic? Why is Booker Washington denied accommodations at hotels—Bishop Turner deprived of the comforts of sleeping cars when deathly sick? Why did President Roosevelt's reception to Negro Washington create the greatest society commotion of our day, whose comments and criticisms blindly branded this transaction as “a pernicious outrage and disgraceful impeachment of Southern chivalry”? The glaring fact that Negroes are ostracised from political participation, exiled from Christian affiliation and banished from all relationships whatsoever contemplating his equality with the Anglo-Saxon tribe,—these wrong realities, these terribly towering truths alone, profoundly proclaim this prejudice and the Negro's persecution to all the gateways of the listening world.

Of course in going southward from the North, this prejudice and punishment gradually increases to its cruel culmination in the central South. On moving northward from the southern states, this poison prejudice gracefully decreases to a social recognition and toleration, practically an equality with the whites in most particulars and respects. And still there are millions of exceptions to the general rule, because inhuman human nature is the meanest meanness in the world, to always tyrannize and overwhelm the weak wherever found. And yet it is an utter impossibility for inhabitants exclusively from the North to completely comprehend the Negro's

situation or condition in the South—to understand the endurance, torture and torment inadvertently or intentionally imposed on this race. On the other extremity, it is absolutely incomprehensible for citizens peculiar to the South to realize the real relationships that whites and blacks sustain to one another in the North. Many representatives of northern journalism—brainless quibblers and scribblers—grossly ignorant of the subject under consideration, garble their worthless contributions from the merest, unreliable rumors and reports. These journalistic correspondents, invariably receiving “sensational salaries,” construct their hypocritical composition of contradictory blunders and mistakes. In this way they satisfy their subscribers, North and South, regardless of their ruinous results on defenseless colored man, woman and child. Their misdirecting manuscripts are in conformation with prevailing popular prejudice or public opinion—in harmony with hypocrisy—cowardly contrary to that bold and bounteous conception of undying truth and right. Anything for the satisfaction or justification of unfeeling vanity, flattery, cruelty and conceit—a wilderness of entangled and unmeaning words to multiply subscriptions for the reader’s silver and gold. There is scarcely a leading magazine—hardly a prominent paper in the United States, having independence and bravery enough to tell the truth about the pernicious persecution of the Negro race. But think of the forgeries and falsehoods—infamous and infernal lies!

With few and rare exemptions indeed, white theologians and thinkers—preachers, priests and political economists—have cautiously avoided the Negro Problem with a dilatoriness, a tardiness of careless unconcern which amounts to thoughtlessness and acquiescence in the crime. The most discouraging and disgusting feature of their investigations is, that these Yankee clergymen and sociologists with members from their cultured congregations and pusillanimous pamphleteers, investigate little than the Negro’s criminality and frailty—as if the

Negro is to blame for the situation in the South; as if statistical accusations are conclusively trustworthy evidence to decide the case; as if it were honest for either gentlemen or scoundrels to judge a nationality’s nobility by its criminal class, instead of by its benefactors, philanthropists and intellectual kings and queens. Particularly is this mainly true of northern explorations in the theme, and more especially is it universally true of the ministerial maligners and political pessimists in the South. The Christian ministry and political parties North and South, exhibit a shirking negligence of fortitude on the Negro question equal to the diabolical defamation and martyrdom of Admiral Schley.

As no man with official capacity had courage and manhood enough or lacked mental penetration and judgment enough to fairly and frankly proclaim Sampson’s supreme commandship of the Atlantic Flying Squadron; that under Sampson, Schley was in supreme command at Santiago Bay—heroically fought and won the battle, and with his sailor soldiers preeminently deserves the undivided honor and fame of gaining the most illustrious naval victory in the history of war;—as no officer had prowess and adventure enough to rightfully rebuke and reprimand this envy, hatred and revenge, so, excluding some exceptions, the Christian ministry, the partisanship, the journalism with even the championship of man, lacks the bravery, common honesty and patriotism to publicly or privately denounce his enemies and acknowledge the Negro’s wonderful advancement in commensuration with his crimes. As the great Admiral was shamefully persecuted on the tiresome testimony of trivial incidents—a transaction impudently insulting to the Americanism and intelligence of all—so the Negro is criminally convicted on the worthlessness of crime, while his vast achievements perish in the Inquisition of ribaldry and ridicule. But as the magnanimous American people, who are the mighty American government, hail the great commander Schley with prolonged

applause and praise, bitterly denouncing his calumniators with honest indignation—so again the generous American people, who are the glory and genius of the great American Republic, are slowly but surely rising in their might to rescue and redeem the "Man in Black" from the leprosy and slimy coils of injustice, infamy and crime.

As shysters villainously attempted to deprive the Negro hero (Charles Parker) of the honor and reward of capturing and crushing the great McKinley's assassin, so similar conspirators contrived to slander Schley and steal his distinguished name, so Caucasian cowards endeavor to credit themselves with all the Negro has accomplished and attained, except his failures, misfortunes and sins; for which they are grievously accountable themselves and which they solely and strictly charge to the Negro race, forgetting that the Negro's failures and crimes are at least one-half creations of Caucasian blood, since the Negro tribe is more than half Caucasian stock. However, it has always been the unprincipled precedent—the unbecoming policy and practice, of undignified nations, races and individuals swaying supremacy and wielding power, to libel, torture, pilfer and despise the unwealthy, weaker members of mankind. Public buccaniers on land and sea have slowly passed away, whereas political privateers and social scalawags are sailing on the rivers of commerce or skulking through the social world to swindle and slander humanity. So this piracy and villainy is preying on the Negro's money, muscle and mind to-day. In conclusion, the Negro question is the most dangerous sociological theme of the dawning century, because the insolent proscriptions against the race are a murderous mockery—a challenge of destruction and defiance to the fundamental principles of the mightiest Republic below the glittering stars. The Negro Problem is not only the most stupendous issue of the twentieth century, but it is fathered and fortified by the prejudice and vengeance of all the vile and vicious passions of the Anglo-Saxon race.

II.

SERVILITY THE GREATEST THEME.

The introduction of Negro slavery into this country is the greatest transaction in the history of the United States—one of the greatest events in the records of the world. The importation of Negro slavery to America was the greatest event in our nation's name, because it was the introduction of an infamous institution essentially opposed to the underlying doctrines of the greatest government on this globe. The transportation of Negro bondmen to our free and friendly shores was the greatest performance in our nation's history, because it introduced the most dastardly establishment of legalized robbery, treachery and murder that ever cursed the earth or crucified the inoffensive, helpless children of men. Because it introduced the most gigantic system of Christianized devilry and crime beneath our flag. Because its damnable duplicity heartlessly destroyed the natural rights and common liberties of man—mocked and murdered all the tender friendships that parents, child and friend sustain to each and all. Because its lingering jealousy, enmity, maliciousness and revenge dangerously threaten our national safety, order, peace and power at the present hour. Because its ignorance, infamy and arrogance—its suspicions, superstitions and credulity—its stupidities, absurdities and traditional follies, savagely challenge and defy to the bitterest extremity of death the security of property, freedom and life.

The introduction of Negro slavery to this country was the most extensive enterprise, not only because it involved the sacred liberties and rights of man, but because it imperiled the stability and destiny of our country and our colored countrymen. It was the greatest act in our country's name because it developed and produced the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest warriors, the greatest philanthropists and the greatest President that our country has yet evolved. The greatest event, because nothing so profoundly appeals to the

holy sense of justice as the divine spirit of physical and mental freedom. The heathenism of thralldom assailed the conscience—the savagery of serfdom assaulted mercy—the barbarity of servility attacked honesty, until the slumbering sympathies of fearless hosts manfully subdued this brutality and butchery with enduring victory and defeat. The greatest act, because slavery so powerfully appealed to American independence, to the moral and physical courage, the intellectual manhood and to that broad and brotherly feeling of humanity—that it intensely awakened the sublimest powers and passions of the brain—aroused the noblest sentiments and sensibilities of the human heart and soul, which completely overthrow the enemies of humankind.

The introduction of Negro servitude was the greatest event in our national name, because it produced the leading agitators, the grandest advocates of our land. Think of the great apostles and grand champions of the universal equality, the everlasting rights and liberties of man. Think of that disciple of deliverance, Frederic Douglass, the greatest Negro orator that ever lived and loved. Think of the kingly Beecher, the most powerful pulpit orator of the Western Hemisphere; of the brave, prophetic Brown, the heroic herald of the fiercely coming storm. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the queenly angel of a brighter dawn, releasing babes and breaking chains from the trembling form of withered age. Wendall Phillips pointing the scathing finger of scorn at sin and planting the flowers of kindness in the human heart. The burning oratory of Garrison withering the deadly fruit of slavery and hurling blazing thunderbolts of thought at cruelty and crime. Among a million more, we hear the ringing names of Grady, the most brilliant author and flaming orator of the Sunny South. Think of that matchless master of eternal eloquence and gothic genius, Ingersoll, the sublimest orator that ever touched this planet—grandly espousing the deathless rights of man, woman and child. Think of the famous soldiers—Sherman, Sheridan, Jackson, Farragut,

Grant and Lee—among the foremost warriors of the world. Greeley, the most majestic editor and journalist of revolutionary, reconstruction times. The illustrious statesmen—the proud and daring Conkling—the fearless Sumner, mighty giant pulling at the pillars of persecution, penury and pain. It inflamed the brilliancy of Blaine, and crystallized the lofty Lincoln's loving life—immortalized their names emblazoned high upon the starry scrolls of unending fame.

What more was created and caused by the introduction of slavery into the United States? It is mother of the Southern Methodist Church, an institution organized to cover the Negro's body and brain with lash and chain. Slavery cost our government three billions of dollars to successfully crush by the great Rebellion, and it confiscated millions and millions worth of property, silver and gold. It marshalled the uncounted legions on a thousand fields and fought the fiercest Civil War that the world has ever known. It destroyed the lives of four hundred thousand soldiers—filled the land with mourning mothers, widowed wives and homeless orphans begging for bread. It filled the dungeon prison cells, the starless caverns of starvation, with the shrunken skeletons of the dying and the dear, departed dead. It maimed and murdered thousands and thousands of the unprotected children of men, in times of war and peace. It gorged the world with desolation, want and fear, increased the sea of grief with rivers of blood and tears, agony, sorrow, pain and death untold! It assassinated the grandest President that ever glorified the marble halls and golden thrones of place and power. Revolve the wondrous meaning of all of this and these. Think of the numberless hands of toil and thought, thinking and working and weeping through all these long and lonely years, faithfully striving to restore their loss and redeem the awful debt of death. Think of the shattered lives—the wrecked and ruined remnant of a mortal soul, with empty sleeve and limping leg, tottering out towards the silent cities of the dead.

Think of Decoration Day, the nation's cemeteries, the Soldiers' Homes, the Proclamation of Emancipation, the immortal thunders of Gettysburg where the Pompey of the South met the Cæsar of the North—the surrender at Appomattox where the shrivelled hand of secession placed the rusty sword of disunion in the glittering grasp of the North. Remember all of this and these and then decide if there was and is a Negro Problem in your nation's home.

What else did Negro slavery produce? It caused the Emancipation Proclamation to be born—in one respect a superior document to the Declaration of Independence; because the Declaration only gained our political freedom, but this Proclamation secured the political salvation, the physical redemption and paved the way for the mental liberation of millions and millions of human hearts. Slavery characterized the Declaration of Independence as a lie. So do the Negro haters of to-day. Slavery said, "that 'all men are born equal and free to enjoy the blessings of labor, liberty and happiness,' was frightful foolishness and a farce." It contaminated with criminal contradictions the Constitution of our nationality—confounded justice, judges and the law—corrupted legislatures, attorneys and the codes and creeds of almost every Church and State. It denied and denounced the sovereignty of States and authorized the Federation of Confederate States. It trampled the Stars and Stripes in the dust, shot the Federal flag to torn and tattered rags and tried to clutch with bloody hands the beautiful banner of the free from the boundless atmosphere of independency and truth. It signed with palsied hand the Ordinance of Secession and raised the standard of revolt, but it was heroically shot and cut to death by a million swords and Union guns. Thus considered, the inauguration of Negro thralldom into our territories was the vilest viciousness—the most monstrous depredation ever perpetrated in the annals of our nation's name.

As the Negro Problem was the most absorbing and extensive theme in our

previous civilization, so it is the most enormously interesting, instructive and entertaining now. As it then unconsciously generated an enormity of wickedness enough to substantially undermine the strongest government in existence, so to-day our illiberality, inequality, incivility and ignobility towards the blacks is breeding and brewing a social cyclone—a political earthquake, whose explosion will eventually convulse our Republican institutions from surface to center, with grumbling consternation and with tempestuous storms. If these abominable conscriptions are not immediately repealed, the learning, liberties and lives of not only ten millions of Negroes is seriously involved, but the fortunes, life and freedom of the whole nation is desperately imperilled. The only honorable means and method to peacefully avoid this great and coming storm is to batter down all walls and limitations—remove all obstructions from the Negro's thorny pathway of advancement to forever shield his enlistment in the foremost ranks of the onward march and upward movement of the human race.

This is the most alarming sensation in the parliament of politics—not only because it accomplished the repeals and amendments to our country's Constitution in the vanished years—not only because it revolutionized our ancient social systems, but because it recklessly overleaps the proper chivalry, courtesy and recognition for the Negro's unbridled rights and responsibilities. Because it maliciously revised and changed the statutes, codes and constitutions of the southern states to purposely exterminate the Negro's vote—forfeited and falsified his sovereign right of franchise in the Sunny South. Because it constructed private cars and ships exclusively for the transportation of slandered and mistreated blacks. Because it convened constitutional conventions to swindle and perpetually steal the Negro's royal rights. Because it has sown the fatal seeds of mobbery and lynching laws—instructed half a nation to abhor and treat the Negro with defamation,

disrepute and disrespect. Because it shatters and shivers the cornerstones and superstructure of republican forms of government, where the majority of all concerned must reign and rule in sovereignty supreme; where all nationalities of men, notwithstanding race, complexion, social standing, financial influence, muscular strength, mental capability, or professions, pursuits or trades must share equal privileges and obligations, and be eternally defended in the same. Because high above and far beyond all other things, this perfidy and pollution must be reorganized, regenerated, reconstructed and reformed from the night of savagery to the cloudless day of civilization.

This prejudice and prosecution of colored men evokes the loudest protest, pledge and plea for the conscience, enlightenment and preservation of the sacred sanctuary of the black man's family and happy home. Furthermore, it seeks to destroy the Negro's education and intelligence—to dwarf and deform his mental capacity and muscular ability, by reducing him to an ignorant, irresponsible incapacitated citizenship. In short, it is organized anarchy—a designed and concentrated conspiracy whose deception and deliberation are demonstrations that it appropriates every conceivable instrumentality to subordinate, humiliate and degrade the Negro into abject servitude. It also holds the defenders of the Negro in perfect abhorrence and entertains them with uncivilized rudeness and disgust. Thus its foulness and unfairness powerfully appeal to the candor and mercy—to the wisdom and statesmanship of the civilized and enlightened nations of the earth. Because it abridges his educational advantages—stints and stunts his mental and moral growth—blights and blasts the social powers of his mind—forces him from public receptions, entertainments and theaters, whose swelling scenes broaden and brighten the imaginations of men. It debars him from the vast and various occupations of industry and commerce, of business thrift and enterprise. It subdues his legal talent,

cripples his medical skill, starves his mechanical aptitudes and leaves his destiny to thoughtless Fate or Chance. It rejects him from fraternal societies, from executive capacity and nullifies the universal brotherhood of man. It infests his heart and home with the grim and ghastly fiends of fear and death—with hunger, rags and tears. It destroys his inventive genius, his creative ingenuity and constructive powers. It expels him from all there is of industry, literature, science, genius, music, art and song. The Negro Problem of the nineteenth century was solved and settled by the bloody arbitrament of the Civil War, which triumphantly achieved his freedom of soul. The Negro Problem of the twentieth century must be solved by the arbitrary sword of soldiery and military power, or by the compromise of reason, justice, liberty and love—armory grasped from the arsenal of truth and thought. The solution of the present problem means the restoration of the Negro's natural rights in all the fields of toil and thought.

Since prejudice and race antagonism are the absolute and certain cause of this antipathy—this animosity against the Ethiopian race, it naturally and necessarily remains to catalogue the primary causes of this prejudice. We must clearly understand what we are about—must be masters of the situation, and then proceed to play our part. In the first place, the Negro's curly hair, his thick, protruding jaws and lips, his broad distended nose, his dark complexion all combined with other peculiarities and characteristics, are exactly opposite to Caucasian ideals of pleasing beauty or charming personality. Consequently, his physiognomy and personal appearance are received as repellant or repulsive to those who hold him in suspense. For this the African is not to blame. All races have their native and natural ideals—ideals of formalities, fashions, customs, ways and means—ideals of methods, manners, beauty and dress; and they ridicule as ridiculous the customs, fashions and forms of other nationalities of men. According to Dar-

win, Spencer and others, the Negro's ideal of pretty faces and handsome features was black. The Caucasian's ideal complexion and countenance is white, commingled with a dainty pink and rosy hue of health. So different nations have different systems of government, religion, education, morality and law; and yet they each respectively and sincerely think they alone are right—all others wrong. As men have betrayed themselves to disrespect the natural conditions and social systems of others, so they beguile themselves to disregard the Negro's rights and agony because old Nature made him black.

Only the scientist and philosopher—the man of stainless honesty, of purest, penetrating common sympathy and sense—is great and good enough to overlook the shallow, superficial appearances of things and gladly give to all their free and equal rights, regardless of their customary environments, their previous circumstances or personal presence. Sane and sensible people know that Reality is the only ideality, that the ideal is the Real. Those who thus abuse and slight their fellowman because of foreign habits, conditions and views, are wretchedly degraded and depraved. They receive our profoundest pity and reproof, as solemnly as we sympathize with the helpless victims of their immorality and ignorance. But to sentimentalize, to sympathize with sinners and pity persecution's pain—neither breaks the sword of strife nor heals the wounds of woe. We must stay the hateful hand that wields this prejudice, dishonesty and blushing shame against our colored countrymen. In the next instance, man has generally terrorized the uneducated, poor and weak, because his vanity, his vice and self-conceit regard themselves superior to those they ferociously subdue, enthrall and rob. Through this country it is customary to consider our Saxon servants—our hired hands and help—as inferior and beneath ourselves. They are good enough to cook and serve our food, to wash and mend our clothes—nice enough to nurse our babies, to robe our corpse and coffin

in the grieving garments of the tomb, but not nice enough to share our living laughter in the social life. So on the same proposition, greatly intensified by the legends that the Negro is so homely that he looks grotesque; that he was and is a comparatively servile subject, a stupid, criminal class just escaped from slavery and savagery,—on the shifting grounds of these traditions and convictions this prejudice and hostility against the blacks have dug the gloomy caves of envy, persecution and revenge. On the presumption that the Negro is an ignorant, lawless, ugly, subservient class, the whites are stealing his dearest rights and striving to make him extinct. Therefore, this ferocity of bitterness inflames the Caucasian's parsimonious passions with unworthy appeals to "white supremacy," "nigger domination," and a million other myths, and monsters of imagination's dismal dreams. For the aggrandizement of selfishness, political candidates and social scalawags irritate and aggravate this prejudice to the desperation and commission of crime. Since the Negro is irresponsible for his color—is unaccountable for having been a slave, and by nature and necessity compelled to labor for a livelihood, all of which the whites consider a comparative disgrace whereon they build their groundless hatred for the blacks—since these principles are the pioneers of this prejudice, the Negro is as innocent and perfectly powerless to right the wrong as the whites are guilty and completely authorized to rectify the wrong. The Negro's nature cannot be changed to suit and satisfy this prejudice, but this prejudice must be changed to suit the rights of woman, man and child.

III.

ARRAIGNMENT OF CHRISTIAN CRIME.

Mean and merciless men have always sought to subordinate and impoverish their unfortunate, defenceless fellowmen—the feeble few. The unprotected wives and children of unscrupulous, con-

temptible characters used to be their slaves, and many women are their husband's servants, serfs and slaves at the present time. Men are rarely castes or waifs of wives. Not many generations ago honest, innocent, industrious women and men were brutally imprisoned, whipped, enslaved and sold for being poor. Even pessimistic parents formerly apprenticed their homeless, friendless children to be slaves—a sort of social servitude disgraceful to perdition's palmy days. Men were also authorized and empowered by Church and State to whip their undefended wives. All these outrageous wrongs were fostered since Colonial times, and even now the women of the world are only partly free from man. So great is man's unwarranted wickedness against woman's equality with himself, that she is fighting for her priceless privileges and place through a diversity of concentrated organizations, through all the mental armies and navies of the intellectual world. Surrounded by the dazzling splendors of the scholarship, the culture and refinement of the awakening of the world, beneath the splendid standard of the free, noble woman is bravely begging for her sacred rights from that monster mortal Man.

But while Caucasian ladies are boldly pleading for their own legacy in Nature's universe, they forget their colored sister's dowery in the great estate of man. While Anglo-Saxon gentlemen heroically battle for their rights, they not only neglect their Negro brother's rights, but they also conspire to wreck and sink his ship upon the shoreless sea of time. Whenever white women beautifully enlist their energies and noble efforts for the elevation and consecration of all womankind, then ungenerous man will slowly surrender her rights, to worship and adore the undefiled and sacred shrine of womanhood. Whenever white men resolve to rescue the manhood and womanhood of all nationalities of men from the greedy grasp of selfishness and sin—from the cruel clutches of iniquity, inequality and crime—whenever these things are manfully and practically performed, the

spotless powers and prerogatives of each and all will finally and powerfully prevail. Defending the property and ingenuity of others is protecting the interests and genius of ourselves. Negligence and injury to others renders all establishments of safety insecure.

Let me demonstrate my meaning by an illustration from our thought or theme. Let us appreciate the afflictions, the calamities, plagues and pestilence by which contagious falsity and contradictions inevitably multiply the badness and assassinate the goodness and greatness of men.

While the Colonists were ceaselessly besieging and beseeching George the Third to redress and right their wrongs, they were inflicting an indescribably greater grievance on the colored race. While they were drafting the imperishable truth that "all men are born equal and free," they were buying and selling human flesh—bartering human blood and bones for silver and gold. While the fathers and founders were making guns and swords or hurling weapons in their enemy's heart, they were forging chains and placing shackles on the Negro's soul. To them taxation without representation was tyranny, but thralldom for the colored race was Christianity in Christendom. They said, millions for ourselves and not one cent of tribute to the British crown, but we own the Negro and his earnings—bleed his naked back and sell his soul besides. This nefarious incongruity which almost challenges an explanation, sowed the seeds and fanned the flames that waged and won the Civil War. Slavery was not only a flat contradiction of the doctrines, arguments and triumphs of the Revolutionary War, but the very logic, philosophy and scientific sequence on whose principles this great drama was performed, and on which the temple of the great republic is reared and rests—these same philosophical deductions and conclusions were the fierce and formidable weapons by which the subtle serpent of slavery was forever slain. "All men are born equal and free" is not only the unanswerable and unimpeachable philosophy on which the gilded dome of

Republicanism is built—not only the giant that dethrones and crushes monarchs, kings and queens, but it is the flaming sword by which the people's prophets and redeemers will behead the bigotry, the brutal tyranny and treachery against the Man in Black.

Man, through Christian crusades, through wars of devastation, conquest, captivity and extermination, has incessantly depopulated the weaker nations of the globe. They have barbarously pillaged, plundered and confiscated their property—violently outraged their sisters, wives and daughters—murdered and mutilated their inhabitants—enslaved and sold their people—lugged away their precious riches, treasures, gems and gold. Such stealing exploits—such thieving, murdering expeditions are often heralded by ignorant, heartless historians as the greatest missionary movements in the world. Evidently they are, for the miserly, miserable missionaries themselves, the Christian clergy of America and Europe used to preach that slavery was the Almighty's greatest invention for the civilization of heathendom. If it were pleasing to the Deity and the Devil, it was certainly exceptionally severe on the Negro's soul. Now as then, fanatics afflicted with the nightmare of spells and charms, imposingly declare that a merciful, loving, kind, affectionate Father of us all is still torturing and tampering with the Negro to test his grit and try his faith. Of course these good, pious people conduct a constant communication—maybe correspondence—with his Satanic Majesty and their imaginary Gods who reside in the imaginations of the bewildered, frightened, idiotic and insane! However, they seldom slander Satan on the Negro question, but incriminate their gods. Certainly no good god is the instigation of murdering mobs and lynching laws—of crimes. The sacriligious assertion that either Gods or Satans are tormenting, teasing and testing the Negro's patience is old assumption—sad delusion, nothing more. Suspicions and suppositions are by no possibility supernatural interven-

tions or divine interference. They are superstitious inventions from the insanity, frailty and mental weakness of idle, visionary dreams—imaginings.

On discovering the western continent, men heartlessly endeavored to enslave the proud and painted warrior of the pathless wilderness. But the Indian's romantic fearlessness and love of liberty would not be suspended, superseded or suppressed, and he boldly baffled all attempts to cover him with chains. He put in painful practice what Patrick Henry put in ringing words—"Give me liberty or give me death,"—among the grandest declamations in the literature or languages of men. The lively words of Henry with the Indians' resentment and restraints, is a lasting lesson to oppressor and oppressed. But while Henry shouted "Liberty or Death," he was tolerating thralldom for the blacks. While Jefferson was writing his deathless Declaration he was giving orders to his slaves. While Washington was waging war, thwarting all the cowardice and cruelty of British rule, he owned and operated many Negro slaves. But Lincoln said, "As long as I survive my colored brother and my country shall be forever free." He wisely rectified and harmonized confictions in the Constitution with the Declaration of Independence, by the Emancipation Proclamation of four millions of his fellowmen.

In 1619, at Jamestown, Virginia, a Dutch trading vessel introduced Negro slavery in the shape of twenty human souls. Regardless of this conclusive history to the contradiction notwithstanding, many misdirected Southern folks believe that Negro serfdom was primarily introduced at Boston or at Plymouth Rock. While nobody knows from whence this misinformation came, everybody comprehends the undisputed historic fact, that slavery was not only originally established in the Old Dominion, but it was subsequently spread throughout these colonial states. Slave dealers and drivers—the buyers and sellers of men, women and children, swarmed the land and sea from Mexico to Maine, busily engaged in shipping,

importing and selling human beings. Great companies as chartered incorporations of capital and commercial combinations, manipulated the slave trade and monopolized the Rights of Man. Back and forth from Africa to the United States, these vast and gloomy slave ships hovered along the coast and prowled across the billowed seas like malevolent monsters from the caverns of the deep. The children of the Dark Continent were captured and driven to the beach like herds of wild beasts, where the young and strong were bound with ropes and chains, then imprisoned in these ships as brutes of field and forest. Those too aged and infirm to work, together with little, prattling babes too young to sail the seas—these they often shot and cut to death, drowned them in the ocean waves, or crushed their skulls with clubs, and left them gasping, dying on the burning sands. As they sailed, they were crowded together like cattle and sheep, inhaling contagion, disease and death from their own excretions. The sick, the dying and the dead were thrown overboard to be devoured by monsters and the waves. The females were damnable desecrated, ravaged and defiled by the beastly brutishness of Caucasian males.

And yet they claim that slavery is Jehovah's scheme to civilize and sanctify the heathens of the world. Whenever men are too ignorant to intelligently explain and understand the natural phenomena of human nature, or seek to shield their own rascality behind the clouds above the stars, then they falsely attribute contradictory impossibilities to the workmanship of demons and gods, as if these stupid pretenders were the private secretaries—the latest emissaries with a message from the denizens of Heaven or Hell. In order to justify the despotism of slavery they preached to the slaves and pretended to the free that Almighty God employed slavery as heavenly missionaries to civilize and enlighten man. Many otherwise good meaning men continue to repeat this childish silliness to-day; and when intelligence condemns this infidelity and

blasphemy against the gods, superstition screams, "Agnosticism, atheism, heresy and everlasting Fire!" Of the aspersions of slavery imps and fiends are never accused, but merciful gods are charged with chaining and cursing their children as slaves—with harming and hurting the Negro now.

Nothing could be more ridiculous and absurd than this nonsense—this nuisance that gods are mysteriously and miraculously pestering people with unnumbered pangs of quenchless agony and tears,—just because such childishness beguiles and tempts the most abounding patience and forbearance. If gods are superintending the Negro's cause, why not treat him kindly, honestly and mercifully instead of administering poverty, pain and death. Is a generous god capable of ruling the swinging constellations through the universe without increasing misery and tears—without folding the fatherly mantle of love and joy around his every mournful and misguided child?

"Ah, but," they say, "we cannot understand the mysteries and inscrutability of Deities." Very well then—why do you malign and try to scandalize honest, thoughtful men for disbelieving what, according to your own confession, you do not understand?—what, in compliance with your own admission, is a purely personal presumption which you credit to imaginary gods and ghosts in order to give it force and authority? How can an honest, intelligent man conscientiously believe as true what he cannot comprehend, when in the nature of things it is a downright falsehood? If spirits and spooks are distressing the Negro race, through the medium of Caucasian crime, then we should logically exonerate the whites by charging the Negro Problem to demons, devils, gods and ghosts. I arraign the wisdom of the world to show a single, solitary word or line to substantiate or support the vulgar claim, that Divinities are scourging the Negroes in the Sunny South. Where is the miracle, the magical messenger whose inspiration brought this revelation from on high? Where is the

manuscript with a signature's endorsement of reliability—a certificate of identification—from a land of fadeless light or starless night? If Providence pilots the persecution of colored woman and child, we have no business to criticise or complain. To praise this persecution as the graciousness of God and then denounce it as outrageous crime, is like the man who asked the Lord to bless his bread and then declared it was not fit for hogs.

Teachers and founders of false religions used to teach the world that slavery was ordered and sustained by gods, and that any attempt to depose that establishment was the magic of the Evil One working through the blasphemy of man. But the preachers and teachers of true religion, such as Phillips, Beecher, Garrison, Lincoln and Brown, grandly taught the world that thralldom was the perfect perfidy of man—the guilt and guile of humankind only and alone; and that true religion, “do unto others as you would have them do unto you,” is the universal fatherhood of God—the everlasting brotherhood of man. As frightened and bewildered men taught the mythology that serfdom was Divine, so now they preach that suffering subjugation is inspired. If servitude was divinely decreed, maybe Satan, Lincoln and the Union soldiers routed Rebelism and deposed the will of God besides? Those who curse and crush the Negro race, cunningly ascribe their own wickedness to God to indirectly justify their crime and give it flawless power. Through the force of mimicry and habit, these deceivers have somewhat duped the colored clergy to proclaim this fearful blunder and mistake. No sensible man can believe that an honest, merciful Creator would, not only suffer part of His children to enslave and ravage the rest, but endow His strongest boys and girls to brutalize the rest and rob them of success and joy. From this lofty peak of right there can be no possible departure or descent. Thus, I attack the deceiving doctrine because it falsifies the truth, shifts the evilness of man to God and misconstrues the issue in dispute.

At this juncture or connection there is one great inconsistency to expose and explain. The Negroes believe that they are perniciously persecuted, which they certainly are. In one sentence they loathe these persecutions and appeal to gods to remove their suffering—to stop and stay the hand of perfidy and pain. In the next sentence they condescend to praise and please their gods, by asserting that these gods are tormenting the Negro to accomplish some high and holy aim. Such an ordeal may be pleasing to the gods, but it is certainly exceedingly hard on the colored race. If gods are using the Negro as an instrumentality for the successful accomplishment of certain schemes, then the Negro has no right to complain about the cruelty of the whites. If gods are prompting the whites to persecute the Negro for a purpose, to denounce this cruelty of the whites is blasphemy and crime. In the nature of things there is no evidence or justice—no morality or common sense—to accuse or justify a god in such a painful plan. The existing turbulence between the whites and blacks is the result of natural social conditions—of natural law, and it must be treated from the standpoint of Nature, but not from the visionary dreams of mythological theory or theology. If gods are conducting this matter, they are certainly doing their very best for the right. Then why convene conventions and arouse indignation meetings, to wrench the Negro Problem from the hands of gods and seek to settle it ourselves? This reveals the fallacy of such notions and beliefs, and should encourage and strengthen us to understand that in the settlement of the Negro Problem, the whites and blacks must be gods themselves. How do they know that gods are punishing the Negro race? Who received and brought the message from above? We now know that there is a Negro Problem; that this problem is Prejudice and Persecution against the blacks; that neither gods nor demons cause this crime; that the Anglo-Saxon is the summit, seat and source of this frightful and imposing wrong.

THE LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR.

A national, non-partisan and undenominational race organization devoted to the work of uniting the power of the colored race and directing them for the amelioration of present racial condition. A plain and practical plan for the solution of the so-called race problem. Among the Supreme Council officers are :

HON. GEO. H. WHITE, *Attorney-General.* BISHOP B. W. ARNETT, *Supreme Royal Prelate.*
 REV. L. G. JORDAN, D.D., *Supreme Sec.* PROF. A. S. WINFIELD, *Supreme Organizer.*
 PROF. Z. W. MITCHELL, *Supreme Royal Master and General Superintendent.*

Beginning with this issue the "Colored American Magazine" will contain from time to time group-engravings of the representative men and women selected as council members of our union in the various counties. As all such members are selected on account of their standing, ability and race loyalty in every community, these illustrations will without doubt, soon become a pleasing and interesting feature of this publication. Only representative men and women are selected as councilmen for a district and any one's picture in a group will be a guarantee that they are one of the best and most loyal of a community's colored citizens.

In nearly every community we find those who on account of owning an extra suit of clothes or a house and lot, think themselves too important to give their influences and co-operation to race efforts and enterprises, but who want always to be recognized as first and assigned the highest place when posing before the public eye. Such individuals are always required to pass the test of loyalty and pledge their hearty and loyal co-operation with the race and its various efforts to rise before they are accepted. Where this will not be done the names and addresses of such persons are placed on a list and reported as "Disloyal Negroes," of which the future alone will determine its use.

The Supreme Master regrets very much his inability to attend the many educational sessions held monthly by Councils now established, but the field

work has been so exacting and laborious that it has been up to this time impossible. Let no Council feel that it has no work to do and therefore need not hold its regular meetings. The work of getting our people together in every community becomes one of the greatest importance and no Council should cease its efforts until every man and woman is brought into the movement.

We are having the best and most influential class of white people to come into the work of the Loyal Legion of Labor as co-operative members. In Youngstown, Ohio, alone over \$200 in co-operative membership fees were received within two weeks. Let every loyal hearted race man and woman in America join in the work of this Union and thereby show to the world that we can unite our own protection and advancement.

COUNCIL MEMBERS OF THE LOYAL HEART OF THE LEGION.

Muskingum County, Ohio.

Our noble and loyal-hearted women are never behind when it comes to work in the interest of their race and the advancement of humanity, and especially is this true in the great work now being carried on by the Loyal Legion of Labor Union throughout America. The loyal and true-spirited race-women are getting together and taking up the work of protecting themselves against those who would deprive them of rights and privileges; ameliorating the condition of their race; opening avenues of honor-

able employment for their people and advancing the best interest of the race in general through the plan of the Loyal Legion of Labor, by which the work of dealing with race matters has been reduced to a business system.

The Loyal Heart of the Legion is the women's branch, through which the forces and best influences of our women can be directed under their own control. One half-tone engraving of the Council members for Muskingum County, Ohio, shows a number of the leading women of the race of that section selected to represent their race in the Council of the Loyal Heart of the Legion for the ensuing year. The wealth, brains, culture and refinement of our race in Zanesville, Ohio, are fittingly represented by the members of this group, which will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The Council consists of twenty-five, but owing to unavoidable circumstances, only nineteen are in the group. No. 1 is Mrs. Nancy Lubers, the Royal Princess; No. 2, Mrs. Maria Barnett, Vice-Royal Princess; No. 3, Mrs. Mattie Simpson, Keeper of Finance; No. 4, Mrs. Mary Smith, District Lecturer; No. 5, Mrs. Louise Douglas, District Organizer; (6) Mrs. Annie Parker; (7) Mrs. Maggie Hargraves; (8) Mrs. M. Clinton; (9) Mrs. Julia Brady; (10) Miss Estella M. Parker; (11) Mrs. Grace Simpson; (12) Miss Maggie Holley; (13) Mrs. Hannah Tibbs; (14) Mrs. M. Singleton; (15) Mrs. Louvenia Gant; (16) Mrs. Armintha Bolden; (17) Mrs. Lucinda Singer; (18) Mrs. Elizabeth Gant; (19) Mrs. Susie Hunnicutt. The other members of the Council are: Royal Matron, Mrs. Rebecca Kinney; Royal Secretary, Mrs. Charity Hunnicutt; Royal Prelate, Mrs. Margaret Lett; Royal Secretary of the Treasury, Mrs. A. M. Thomas; Mesdames, Mattie Qualls, Irene Caven-der, Victoria Johnson, and Miss Vandalin Lett.

The Loyal Heart of the Legion is also interested in the co-operative store with the men's Council, and supplies a lady manager and one or two members of the governing board. They will have

their own supreme Council and transact their own business in the great work of working out a solution for the vexed race problem.

COUNCILMEN OF THE GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR.

Jefferson County, Ohio.

The general district Council of Jefferson County has headquarters at Steubenville, Ohio. The councilmen are all men of excellent standing and are in every sense representative race-men. They are without exception the leading colored men of their county and command the respect and admiration of the entire state. They have not as yet opened a business enterprise for their people, but will without doubt soon be in the foremost ranks with those who have.

The officers are: (1) Royal Father, Nelson Howard; (2) Vice-Royal Master, L. R. Mercer; (3) Royal Master, C. U. Murry; (4) Royal Prelate, Rev. Primus Alston, Pastor A. M. E. Church; (5) District Organizer, J. H. McCullough; (6) Royal Secretary of the Treasury, Samuel Christian; (7) District Lecturer, W. T. Howard; (8) Master of Finance, S. W. Banks; (9) Royal Secretary, I. N. McCullough; (10) Samuel Stark; (11) Rev. Taylor Clark; (12) Rev. C. T. Lewis; (13) James P. Guy; (14) John W. Matthews; (15) Geo. Simpson; (16) S. Clements; (17) Oscar Reed; (18) Andrew J. Guy; (19) James Tilden; (20) Carter Smith; (21) Samuel Stark; (22) Geo. Balden; Chas. Brown; A. E. Kent; L. S. Murry; Edward Grisby. These Councilmen meet once a month with all of the race men of their county in General Educational Sessions. Each state will be divided into districts of one county each, wherein General District Agents are wanted in every section of the United States.

THE GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL

For Muskingum County, Ohio.

The General District Council of Zanesville, Ohio, embraces the repre-

sentative men of that section and represents the brains, wealth and substantial race men of Muskingum County. A more loyal, intelligent and truly representative body of men could not be gotten together in any cause than are those selected to represent their race in Muskingum County. No. 1 is the Royal Master, Wm. Hunnicutt, a leading business man and a true race leader; No. 2 is the Royal Father, Prof. F. W. Kinney, a scholar and a loyal race man; No. 3, Rev. George W. Maxwell, ex-presiding elder and pastor of the St. Paul A. M. E. Church, who is District Organizer; No. 4 is Rev. A. M. Thomas, a leading Baptist divine and pastor of the Union Baptist Church, and is the Vice-Royal Master of the Council; No. 5 is the Master of Finance, Turner Simpson a successful business man and a true race man; No. 6 is the Royal Prelate, Julius Peyton, a leading business man; No. 7 is the Royal Secretary of the Treasury, Richard Johnson, a leader in church and society circles; No. 8 is the Royal Secretary, Harry Lubers, a successful business man; No. 9 is the Dis-

trict Lecturer, J. H. Hargraves, a thorough business and race man.

These men compose the Advisory Council and superintend the entire work of the organization in their district. The remaining Councilmen are No. 10, Nelson D. Cavender; (11) Edward A. Brady; (12) Wallace Needham; (13) Caleb Tate; (14) Geo. W. Parker; (15) Wm. H. Pinn; (16) M. J. Simpson; (17) Merritt Kinnell; (18) Rice Barnett; (19) Jackson Carter; (20) Wm. H. Bolden; (21) Benjamin Caliman; (22) Rev. John A. Duling; (23) E. C. Holland; (24) W. W. Hill; (25) Geo. Barnett, John Pritchard, Wm. Carlisle.

Many of the best men and women of Muskingum County aside from those named are members of the order and are standing loyally by their leaders. Within the past few weeks the Council has opened its own grocery store, and will in the future open a general department store. Their business is succeeding phenomenally as any business enterprise will when controlled by the representative men of our race in any community backed by an organized constituency.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

VIII. EDUCATORS (*Concluded*).

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

A half-century or more ago among the earnest workers of the great city of Boston, counted with those of prominence and refinement, of open hospitality and culture, was the family of the Howards.

For many years they lived at the homestead on Poplar St., in the then aristocratic quarter of the old West End. The house, a four-story brick edifice, was well-kept, and differed in no one particular from its flourishing neighbors, albeit its owners were colored, and it

was a most unusual thing to find a Negro family so charmingly located as were the Howards, in those days when the trials endured by the race to-day were but child's play by comparison with the terrible sufferings then imposed upon the entire race.

One of the sons of this family, Edwin Frederick, brought to his home as his loving wife, Joan Louise Turpin of New York. By her genial manners and sympathetic heart this lady soon made herself a valued member of the house-

hold, and a valued friend to a large circle among members of her own race, as well as that class of broad, liberal-minded lovers of humanity among whom may be numbered such revered names as Garrison, Sumner, Wilson, Phillips, Higginson, and Lydia Maria Child, for the Howard family was identified closely with the anti-slavery movement from its inception. Married in New York, the eldest daughter of Edwin and Joan Howard, Adelaine Turpin, was born in that city, and claims it as her birthplace; while Dr. Edwin Clarence and Joan Imogen are a son and daughter who delight ever that almost under the shadow of the "gilded dome" of Massachusetts' capitol building, their infancy and early youth were passed.

All three, reared under the finest moral influences, amid surroundings tended to foster a taste for literature, science, and that which is in the highest degree aesthetic, it is not surprising that we find these representatives of an honest mother and a universally beloved father, shedding sunshine and light through a long experience of private and public usefulness, in a service for the betterment of the children of our race, and for the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind.

As a physician, a graduate of Harvard Medical School, Dr. Howard is known as the senior and among the most skillful of the doctors of Philadelphia, Pa., a city where he has won his enviable professional reputation, and among whose people he is ever accorded every honor by the citizens at large and by the highest officials who administer the affairs of the Quaker city.

In early life, during a residence of five years on the "Dark Continent" he first evinced his tendency towards the medical profession. As an observer and a student, a season was passed in the hospitals and institutions of a kindred nature in England and France. He is a valued member of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, the Pennsylvania Medical Society, and the American Medical Association, frequently be-

ing a delegate chosen to represent the first in the State and National Societies. Not among the least of the many services rendered to his adopted city is that which for eleven years was given as a member of the Board of Education.

Miss Adeline Turpin Howard, early in life offered herself as an instructor in that field of educational work where the torch frequently followed closely upon the opening of a school for that class among us then known as "Freedmen." In Virginia, that State of whose historic name every white American is proud; in Maryland's remote country hamlets; and in far away Louisiana along the banks of the Red River, unselfishly, with patience, perseverance and that spirit of self-renunciation that many have known in their efforts to lift to better lives those from whom slavery had taken God's greatest blessings, she labored for years. That many among the young and the vigorous, the old and down-trodden, long looked up to and honored her must, in these years, be a choice memory. To-day we find her active, progressive and most capable as the highly esteemed principal of the Wormley Building in West Washington, D. C., where, as the administrative head and the practical teacher, she has under her charge and that of able assistants, over six hundred girls and boys who rank well in their literary subjects, as well as in those branches of domestic art, and moral and aesthetic training which lead to good citizenship.

Joan Imogen Howard was the first colored pupil of the grammar schools of Boston to graduate and then knock at the door of the Girls' High and Normal School (then located on Mason St.) for entrance. This was accomplished without "conditions" as to her examinations; but since, hitherto, no dark-hued student had ever been seated in its halls, some apprehension was felt as to the effect on the classes. To the honor of the head-master, Mr. Seavey, and the grandly broad-minded Miss Temple, nothing of this objection was ever known or felt during the three years' course. Graduating with honor, an

opening presented itself in New York City, and there until the close of the year 1901, we knew her, ever striving to take a step higher in her profession as a teacher. Knowing "The mill will never grind with the water that has passed," courses in "Methods of Teaching" were taken at short intervals at institutions of the first rank, and in 1892, she was graduated from New York University receiving a diploma and the well-earned degree of "Master of Pedagogy."

The University of the State of New York is an innovation in educational circles, embracing, as it does, all the chartered colleges and secondary schools in the State; it is an institution unique in its organization and its methods of work.

There has been scarcely any educational reform in the State of which the University has not been the promotor. In the training of teachers it has been especially active. Its field has so been extended to include the charterings of high schools, academies, and colleges and also of libraries, museums, summer schools, corresponding schools, permanent lecture courses, and all other institutions for promoting higher education.

When one considers that political issues have become in these years mainly economic, the merits of a general education of the people in the scientific aspects of their individual life becomes clear. When we consider the fact that all classes and all races in a cosmopolitan population such as ours must understand the effect that a change of governmental policy may have upon the commercial life of our Republic, it becomes plain to the dullest intellect that our future legislation, executives, and judicial officers, must have always before them the economic welfare of the people, white and black; it is, therefore, necessary that all education, professional as well as business, shall embrace a clear understanding of the relations between the industrial life of the people and the laws and policy of the government.

More and more must women enter into a knowledge of all these questions

in order to be fitted to teach the embryo man the duties of good citizenship. Recognizing this need, the sociological student must bow to the increasing demands of higher education. Under the broadening influence of such educational methods, Miss Howard has developed into a perfect womanhood.

In 1892, Governor Flower of New York, through the enthusiastic advocacy of Judge Jas. C. Matthews (one of the most prominent in the legal fraternity of Albany) appointed her a member of the Board of Women Managers of the State of New York, for the Columbian Exposition. Far from being a place of embarrassment on account of its being without a parallel on any other State Board for the same grand event, Miss Howard's experiences were made a joy to her by the Governor of the State, the Mayor of Albany, and by the choice specimens of New York's most liberal-minded and aristocratic gentlewomen who formed the Board. As a result of her efforts and of the untiring, painstaking and executive sub-committee that were formed throughout the State, statistics of women's work were tabulated, exhibits gathered, and the literary works of Lydia Maria Child—almost a martyr in the cause of abolition—were gathered nearly in their entirety. These became a valued part of the rare collection of books in the artistic library of the Woman's Building in the dreamily beautiful "White City" at Chicago in 1892 and 1893. Now, they and an exhaustive account of the "Distinguished Work of the Colored Women of America" are among the treasures in the "many-millioned-dollared" capitol at Albany.

Miss Howard feels herself one with the many in this vast country, for she frequently says that she never could and never can know sectional differences. That she never could, she owes to the teachings of a revered mother; that she never can, is but a return for the spirit of loyal support, of indomitable energy, enthusiastic outpouring of money, and above all, the unanimity of effort which placed ballot after ballot to her credit, until a shower, which knew no ceasing,

poured votes into the New York Telegram Office in the "Trip to Paris Contest" for sixteen months, until when the announcement of the five successful candidates was made in June, 1900, her name was the third, and the trip to France and Belgium was the result.

lic School No. 80, Manhattan, and reluctantly retire from active service.

Now, as a companion to her deceased mother's sister, Mrs. Bowers, and of her esteemed brother, Dr. Howard, she resides in Philadelphia, where it is hoped a complete family circle will be formed



MISS JOAN IMOGEN HOWARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This she considers the crowning event in a career in which only a little has been done by her, but that little she hopes is a part of "God's great plan."

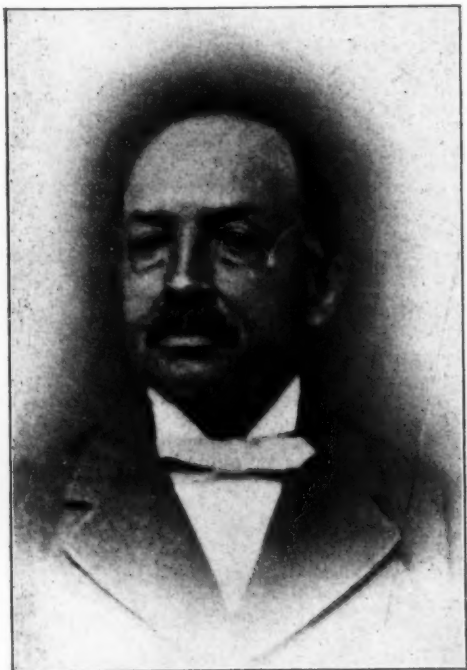
After teaching every grade required by the curriculum in the grammar departments of New York's schools, an indisposition of a serious nature, compelled her to resign her position as the teacher of the graduating class of Pub-

lic School No. 80, Manhattan, and reluctantly retire from active service.

Apropos of the fact that numbers of famous Negro women have been signally honored by white institutions of renown in various communities, it is profitable to pause a moment and con-

sider the position taken by the General Federation of Women's Clubs in its recent convention at Los Angeles, Cal.

The application of the Women's Era Club, Boston, for admission to the General Federation, was made at a time when a club could only be admitted by a majority vote of the Board of Directors. The dues were sent to the Treasurer, and Mrs. Ruffin was in Milwaukee expecting to be seated in the convention.



EDWIN F. HOWARD

(Father)

See page 206.

June 4, 1900, a motion was made to admit the club to membership.

The fact that the admission of a colored club would establish a precedent, made the Board unwilling to act, and the dues were returned to Mrs. Ruffin, and a motion to lay it on the table was made and carried.

During the two years which have elapsed since then there has been constant agitation over the "color question." Political "wire-pulling" of every sort has been resorted to by the Southern women and their Northern sympathizers to keep out the colored sisters,

and at last success has crowned their efforts.

Mrs. Dimies T. Denison of New York placed herself on record by making the following statement to the reporter of the "Los Angeles Times":

"The newspapers seeking for 'copy' have magnified the matter. It really is only a side issue although it is important. I am sure the delegates will act wisely. The Civil War is past; the old wounds have been healed; the North and the South are re-united, and we cannot afford to take any action that will lead to more bitter feeling. The South is represented strongly in the federation, and the effect on those members is obvious if colored women are admitted on a social equality with white members. We must not, and I feel that the delegates will not, do anything that threatens disruption of the federation of which we are all so proud."

As a result of a vote taken on May 5, 1902, by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, it became practically impossible for colored clubs to get into the federation. The decision was for the Massachusetts-Georgia compromise, by which State rights are maintained, in that no restrictions are placed upon State Federations; but the way to membership in the General Federation is blocked by the necessity of passing two boards and the Membership Committee of the General Federation, the unanimous vote of which last committee is required for admission. The victory is thus to the South.

In the discussion preceding the casting of ballots, Mrs. Gallagher of Ohio, said:

"This is not a question of color, it is a question of an embryonic race, not yet strong enough to stand with us. . . . The Negroes are by nature imitators. If we admit them to associations with us, they will lose their power of independent development and become merely followers of the whites. They have not yet reached a plane on which they can compete with us and maintain their own independence. The best thing we can do for them is to let them go on devel-

oping along their own lines. Then, when they have fought their fight and won their way up, where they can stand on an equal footing with us, let us consider their admission."

In the discussion of the color question, Miss Jane Addams (Hull House, Chicago) aroused the most interest by declaring herself a partisan of colored clubs and holding the opinion that "no race can uphold a race integrity apart from other races, and that it lies with the stronger people to stand with the weaker." The final call for the previous question carried the amendment by an overwhelming vote.

The power of organization among women is a sociological study. Women were narrow mentally; it is supposed that they have been broadened by their educational opportunities and their growing influence which has, hitherto, commanded the respect of the world. We had hoped that as a race, we should receive the fair treatment, the sympathy, the loyalty, that their reputation guaranteed, but the Biennial at Los Angeles has given us a rude awakening.

"They find their fellows guilty of a skin
Not colored like their own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Doom and devote them as their lawful prey."

At the World's Congress of Representative Women from all Lands, in 1892-3, under the superintendence of such women as Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Mrs. Avery, Miss Frances E. Willard, and others, such notable women of color as Frances Ellen Harper, Fanny Jackson-Coppin, Annie J. Cooper, Fanny Barrier Williams, and Hallie Q. Brown, delivered addresses which drew the eyes of the entire world upon them and their race.

In connection with the same great Exposition, Miss Imogen Howard, as we have stated in the above sketch, was signally honored by being appointed a

member of the Board of Women Managers of the State of New York, for the Columbian Exposition, the only Negro so honored by any other State. Miss Howard's peculiar fitness for the position to which she was called, added additional lustre to her fame, and her race stepped up a rung on Ambition's ladder.

In Massachusetts, we may mention that, added to her fame as a teacher and



JOAN L. T. HOWARD

(Mother)

See page 206.

lecturer, Miss Maria L. Baldwin has for years been a member of the Cantabrigia Club of Cambridge, than which no wealthier, no more highly cultured, no club of wider fame exists in the entire country. No token of esteem has been too high for this club of noble-minded women to bestow on their admired colored member.

In connection with the famous Boston Political class under its president, the great parliamentarian, Mrs. Harriet P. Shattuck, we may mention the fact that Mrs. Mary J. Buchanan, a beautiful and cultured woman of color, has

been a member for years; has filled every office, and was for a number of seasons honored as the vice-president of the club.

Mrs. J. St. Pierre Ruffin's career as a club woman is too well known to need rehearsal, and we doubt not that many other colored women, of whom we have

ing with us, let us consider their admission."

We know that we shall be pardoned the assertion that jealousy has something to do with the decision of the great Biennial Convention of 1902.

We have felt and argued always against unrestricted and universal suf-



ADELINE TURPIN HOWARD, WEST WASHINGTON, D. C. *See page 207.*

no knowledge, are connected with similar white institutions of wealth and influence.

In the face of this testimony to the superior work being done by all classes of Negro women, in every State in the Union where their ability has been given an opportunity to materialize, we are justly indignant that our women are branded as the intellectual inferiors of the whites in such words as were used by Mrs. Gallagher: "When they have fought their fight and won their way up where they can stand on an equal foot-

frage, feeling that mentally woman is as narrow to-day as ever, that behind windy, grandiloquent speeches of belief in the equality of the human species, dwelt a spirit of perverseness that might at any moment break forth to our undoing.

So must Mrs. Harper have felt when during her speech at the Women's Congress, 1892, she uttered the following words, which implied a doubt of the temper of the great majority of our white female population toward the Negro.

"Political life in our country is plowed in muddy channels, and needs the infusion of cleaner and clearer waters. I am not sure that women are naturally so much better than men that they will clear the stream by the virtue of their womanhood; it is not through sex, but through character that the best influ-

ence and fraud should cancel the votes of honest men. The hands of lynchings are too red with blood to determine the political character of the government for even four short years.

The ballot in the hands of woman means power added to influence. How well she will use that power I cannot



EDWIN CLARENCE HOWARD, M.D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See page 207.

ence of woman upon the life of the Nation must be exerted.

"I do not believe in unrestricted and universal suffrage for either men or women. I believe in moral and educational tests. I do not believe that the most ignorant and brutal man is better prepared to add value to the strength and durability of the government than the most cultured and upright woman. I do not think that wilful ignorance should swamp earnest intelligence at the ballot box, nor that educated arrogance,

foretell. Great evils stare us in the face that need to be throttled by the combined power of an upright manhood and an enlightened womanhood.

"American women! What a sublime opportunity to create healthy public sentiment for justice, and to brand lawless cowardice that lynches, burns and tortures humanity! To grapple the evils which threaten the strength and progress of the United States! Have they the grand and holy purpose of uplifting humanity?



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

Mr. E. D. Williams was born in Pensacola, Fla., in 1872, and attended the public school there until 1890, when he removed to Chicago, Ill., and engaged in



E. D. WILLIAMS,
Las Cruces, New Mexico.

the business of barber. In 1893 Mr. Williams was united in marriage to Miss Annie Doolen of Quincy, Ill., and in 1896 they removed to New Mexico (Las Cruces, Dona Ana County—known the world over as the Mesilla Valley) for the purpose of bettering Mr. Williams' condition both financially and physically. In his effort to gain both health and wealth Mr. Williams has been successful, being at the present time the owner of one of the finest shops in New Mexico, as well as owning a hundred acres of the best land in the

valley. Mr. Williams has gathered this all in from the proceeds of his shop, and he feels that he can cheerfully recommend the southwest, especially New Mexico, for the young colored American. Mr. Williams states that if the young colored men of our race would come to New Mexico and deport themselves as men, they would in a very short time find themselves the owners of real estate and be numbered among the respected citizens of the territory.

Mme. Helene Noble of New York City, will close her establishment in that city and will open a summer school in Philadelphia for the summer months, returning to New York in the fall, where she will re-open at the old address.

J. Adam Bolin of New York, a very prominent and exclusive dancing master, needs no introduction to the majority of our readers, who have ever visited New York, who did not derive some pleasure from his neatly arranged "programmes of pleasure."

He is the McAllister of his set, and foremost in the introducing of all new amusements for the social deléctation and advancement of his followers.

He is now interested in organizing a golf club, at which he is quite an expert, having been instructed by some of the best white instructors. He was looked upon with great favor as the first colored person to appear at the Van Cortland Links, of New York.

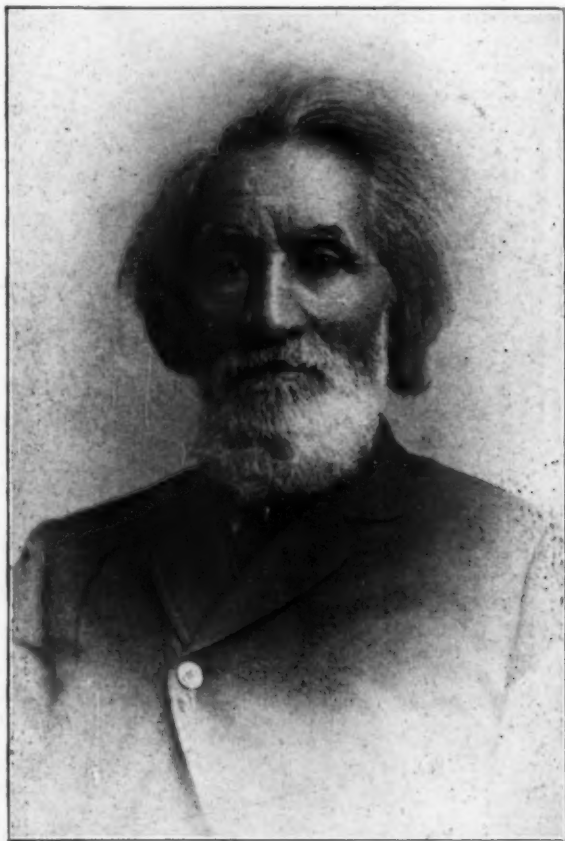
The new fad of ping-pong, the game which looks so simple, yet has captivated the bards and sages, has been well mastered by Mr. Bolin.

He is an Odd Fellow, as well as a

good fellow, and a member of five other societies, among which is St. Phillip's Guild. An altogether interesting character, whose ambition will cause him to rise far above his peers. said commission to investigate and report their views concerning the adjustment of the trouble affecting the harmonious relation of the races.

The committee on labor recently ordered a favorable report on the bill pro-

Miss Hattie Lee is the young, accomplished and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarena Lee, of Philadelphia,



HENRY OSCAR WAGONER, (See page 188.)
"The Douglass of Colorado."

viding for a commission to inquire into the industrial condition of the colored people of the United States. The commission is to be appointed by the President, and is to consist of five members who are to receive \$3,500 per annum each. The commission is to make a comprehensive investigation of the people of the Negro race in the United States, their educational progress, and best means of promoting harmony between the races in the United States;

Pa. Of all the gay debutants of last season none shone more brilliant or displayed more refinement or culture and good taste than Miss Lee at the reception given by her parents in honor of her entrance into society.

Miss Lee bids fair to become a very popular young lady and her success socially is assured.

Mr. Clarence H. Johnson is a prominent colored musician of Ithaca, N. Y.

Mr. Johnson was born in Ithaca, Jan. 18, 1869. He attended the public schools until he was eighteen years of age, and then learned the trade of a barber with his father.

Being barred from the white band of Ithaca, on account of his color only, he organized the Orion Orchestra, an organization of ten colored musicians, and later "The Ithaca Colored Band," of fifteen pieces.



WILLIAM BECKETT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(See page 232.)

He first studied cornet under R. E. Burleigh, now of Rochester, N. Y., and later studied three years in the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, under Prof. R. W. Groom, present director of music of the Michigan Military Academy.

Mr. Johnson was cornet-soloist of the Lyndonville Military Band, the crack band of Vermont, for a year. As a soloist and church cornetist he is especially fine.

**RESULTS OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS'
WORK AT TUSKEGEE.**

May 29th closed the twenty-first year of the work of this school. It is difficult to comprehend the extent of its influence. A committee from the London

given more or less instruction to over five thousand others. They are in every Southern and many of the Northern States and in almost every instance, carrying out the Tuskegee idea of home getting, tax paying and materially help-



MRS. CELIA KEALING, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Wife of Prof. H. T. Kealing, Editor of *A. M. E. Review*.

School Board were here at the commencement, studying the school's methods, with a view to their introduction in the work of the British colonies. Twenty-one years ago it had one teacher and thirty pupils, with no grounds or buildings. The graduates now number four hundred and sixty-one, while it has

ful citizenship. The first class went out in 1885. One of this class founded a school of which she has been the head for fourteen years. This school has sent out sixty graduates, many of whom have also graduated at Tuskegee and are now successful tradesmen, business men, farmers and teachers. One who

graduated in 1892 founded a school in Wilcox County, Ala., on a plantation where he was born, which now has an attendance each year of 300 students, with a property of over \$30,000. Last year twenty-five teachers and superintendents were employed. They carried on, by student labor, a farm, a sawmill, brick yard, wheelwright and blacksmith shop, printing office, carpenter and paint shop, laundry, cooking school and sewing rooms. Nearly all these teachers were Tuskegee graduates. The school has sent out seventeen graduates and every one of them is honorably employed in developing the best interest of Wilcox County. The number of these schools, with Tuskegee graduates at the head of them, is now seventeen, thirteen of these were founded by them. They are in eight different States, eight in Alabama, one in Florida, two in Georgia, one in South Carolina, two in Louisiana, one in Virginia, one in Tennessee and one in Kansas. Various graduates have their eye on other States and it will not be long before there will not be a single Southern State that has not a real Tuskegee school.

The enrollment, this year, has reached one thousand, three hundred and ninety in the Normal department, nine hundred and thirty young men, four hundred and thirty young women. Of these, five hundred and sixty-two have worked all the year, during the day, and gone to school at night. Nearly all the others were once night students, but had been able to enter the day school because of an amount to their credit in the treasury, by reason of their labor, while working during the day and going to school at night. These normal students represent thirty different States and territories and five foreign countries. Alabama furnished 452, Georgia, 197; Mississippi, 110; South Carolina, 83; Texas, 81; Louisiana, 76; Florida, 56; the West Indies, 46; Africa, 2. Besides these, the kindergarten and training school enrolled two hundred and thirty-two, the Tuskegee town night school one hundred and twenty-one, making a

total enrollment, for the year, of one thousand, seven hundred and forty-three. The social settlement school, on the Thompson plantation, supervised by Mrs. Washington and taught by a Tuskegee graduate, would bring the number up to one thousand, eight hundred. It has required one hundred and twenty-five officers and teachers to carry on this work. The children, in the training school, have been taught carpentry, cooking, sewing and gardening. At their closing exercises eleven of them were promoted to the Normal school. The closing exercises of the Tuskegee town night school were held in the Opera House and very largely attended. Many of the students are married people, often the husband and wife coming to school together, others are the young men and women of the town, who are unable to go to school during the day. They have been taught bricklaying, carpentry, sewing, cooking and housekeeping. Some who are employed as servants and unable to come at night, form an afternoon class and receive instruction at such hours as their services are not needed. All of this town work and the social settlement work is really the outcome of Mrs. Washington's efforts begun on a small scale some years ago for the women and girls, who were accustomed to lounge about the streets of Tuskegee, on Saturdays. The changes in the city of Tuskegee are simply remarkable. The number of new and comfortable homes, built by colored people in the immediate vicinity of Tuskegee and in the city itself, is very large. Through the personal efforts of Mr. Washington and the Normal school a new and comfortable city school house has been built for the colored people. This building has five rooms in it, a chapel, industrial room for boys, sewing and cooking room for girls and two recitation rooms. It has two acres of land which are in crops cultivated by the students. It runs eight months. The school also maintains a free library and reading room, for the people of Tuskegee.



COUNCILMEN OF THE GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR,
MUSKINGUM COUNTY, OHIO.

(See page 206.)

Eleven annual sessions of the Tuskegee Negro Conference have been held. Through the work of the hundreds of local conferences and the conference agents, in many of the States, the work of the conference has become almost as continuous as that of the school itself. The conference is always in session somewhere. The work is constantly spreading. This year a Bureau of Nature Study has been organized and, from

mechanical engineering and agriculture.

A marked event in the year was the return of Professor J. N. Calloway, after sixteen months' stay in Africa, with three Tuskegee graduates, engaged in teaching cotton culture to the natives, under the patronage of the German Government. Mr. Calloway was very enthusiastically received by every one, and, during the month he remained here he spoke often to students and teachers.

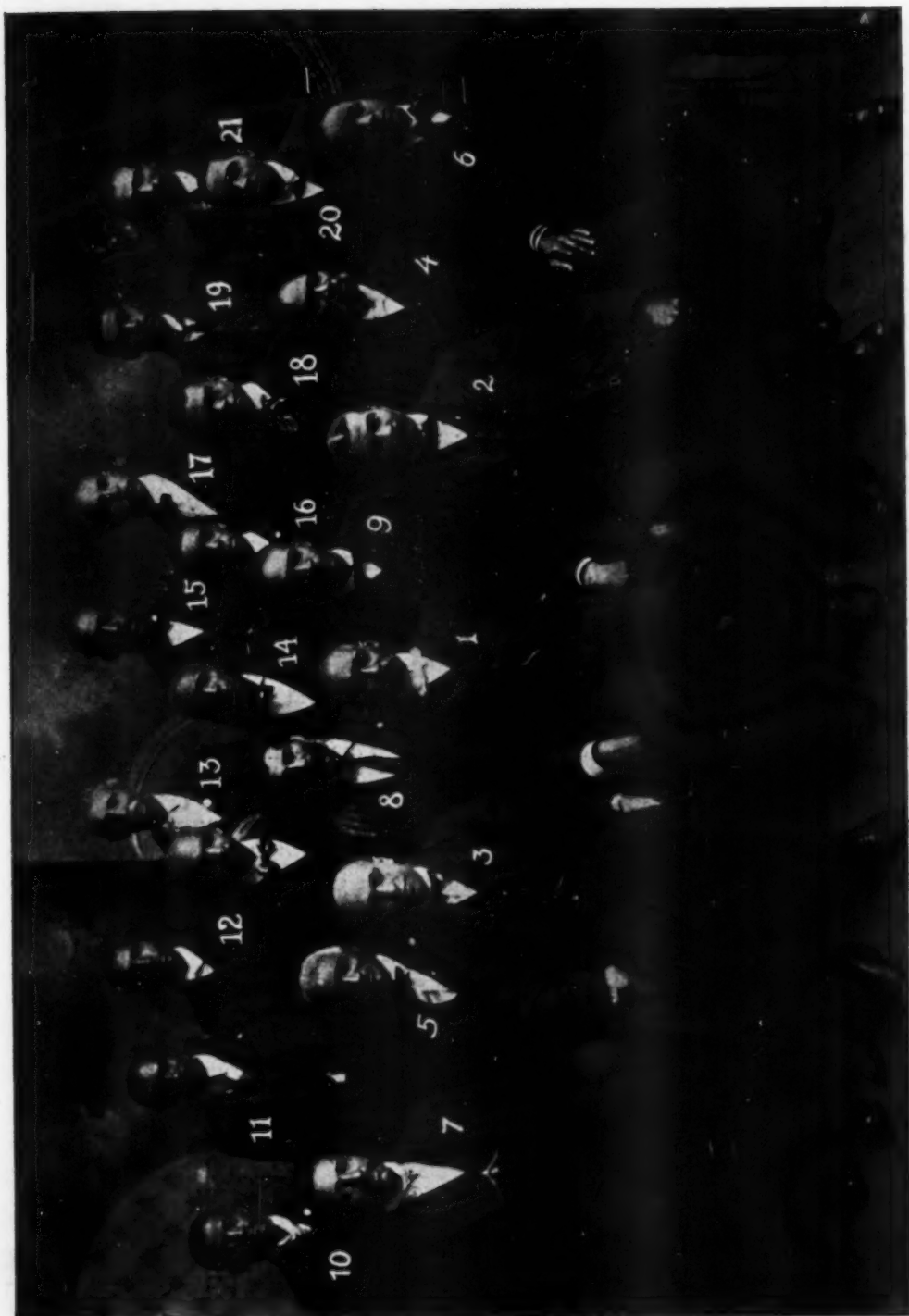


J. ADAM BOLIN, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(See page 214.)

it, frequent bulletins, on all sorts of practical subjects, pertaining to nature and the farm, are sent out. The list now numbers nearly five thousand interested readers. A striking evidence of the growth, in influence, of the school, is the presence this year of sixteen graduates of this and other schools, taking post graduate work in the trades. They represent nurse training, architectural drawing, brick masonry, dressmaking, millinery, tailoring, wheel wrighting,

The story of his work was widely spread by the two thousand farmers to whom he spoke at the Negro Conference. The three young men were left in charge of the work in his absence. They have all endured the climate well and have given great satisfaction to the German Government. On Mr. Calloway's return he took back with him four other young men and a young woman, the wife of Hiram Simpson, mentioned elsewhere. The thought of this substantial Tuske-



COUNCILMEN OF THE GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR,
JEFFERSON COUNTY, OHIO.

(See page 205.)

gee in Africa, with Mr. Calloway as its head, is a constant inspiration to the school.

The building done by the school this year has been of great interest and of a very high order. The Carnegie Library, costing \$20,000, is the finest exhibition yet given, of what can be done by student labor. The plans for the building were drawn by Mr. R. R. Taylor, the school's architect and director of industries. It is fifty by one hundred and ten feet and thirty-five feet to the roof in two stories. At the entrance is a magnificent portico, with four massive Ionic columns, rising to the roof. The first floor is one large room, excepting the offices and librarian's room. It contains alcoves for books with ample room for newspapers and magazines and for reading. On the second floor there is a lecture room that will seat about three hundred, also special study rooms, collections of books of reference and a museum. The building is finished in the natural woods, and is exceedingly beautiful. All the furniture was made by the school. It required four hundred and fifty thousand bricks. It is well lighted by electricity. The building was given by Mr. Carnegie, wholly without conditions, and is a tribute by him to the principle of self help, which constitutes the very heart of the school's work. No building on the grounds is more completely the work of the students than this. It is greatly appreciated and is occupied from early in the morning till late at night. The large hospital for boys and girls, costing over \$5,000, is also finished and in use. A large number of neat homes have been built for married teachers. A substantial brick building for a girls' bathroom is nearly finished. Rockefeller's Hall, a boys' dormitory, one hundred and thirty-five by ninety feet, three stories, is in the third story. The foundations of the administration building, one hundred and eighteen by sixty-seven feet, two stories, are laid, and the first story is well under way. A tool and carriage house have been built. A splendid recitation building, in honor of Mr. C. P. Huntington,

and the completion of the boys' trades building, a dormitory for girls, bath rooms for boys, and the Lincoln memorial gateway, are among the large things in prospect.

A few items will give some idea of the magnitude of the work done by the students during the past year. They made 2,128,223 bricks. Of these they have laid 1,843,566. The school sold 284,657 to outside parties. They cultivated about 800 acres of land. They sawed from the logs 200,000 feet of lumber, a large part of which has been worked up into furniture, wagons, buggies, wheelbarrows and house trimmings of various kinds. They cut 250,000 laths and dressed 360,000 feet of lumber. The printing office did over \$8,000 worth of work during the year, and made a profit to the school of nearly \$700 over all expenses. The bricklayers and plasterers have done a business covering \$22,000 for labor and materials. The brick-making for the school and surrounding country now requires the constant operation of two large machines, capable of over 20,000 bricks each per day, and one yard, operated by hand. This is in marked contrast with the heroic struggles in the brick yard of twenty years ago, as related in Mr. Washington's book, "Up from Slavery." The value of buildings added by student labor this year is \$59,318.16.

The shoe shop made 359 pairs of new shoes and repaired 1,197 pairs. The electrical division has installed 1,187 lights. The harness shop did \$1,359 worth of work. The machine shop and foundry have done a vast amount of work this year in connection with the new heating plant and waterworks, and the keeping in repair of six steam engines located on the grounds besides the repair work for a large area of country, there being no other machine shop or foundry nearer than thirty miles. Over seventy students have done work in this line. The work done has run from \$700 to \$1,100 per month. The blacksmith shop has done about \$2,500 worth of work. A great deal of labor has gone to the farm and miscellaneous

work of the school. The students have paid in labor toward their expenses, \$78,831.67, in cash, \$16,817.79.

The class that graduated to-day numbers thirty-five—twenty-two boys and

harness making and carriage trimming, three in dressmaking, one in tailoring, one in dentistry, six in laundering and cooking, one in cooking, one in laundering, two in nurse training, one in



CLARENCE H. JOHNSON, ITHACA, N. Y.

(See page 215.)

thirteen girls. They represent eleven States—Alabama, 15; California, 1; Florida, 2; Georgia, 4; Mississippi, 3; Missouri, 1; Tennessee, 1; Texas, 3; Kentucky, 3; West Virginia, 1; Massachusetts, 1. Six are from Tuskegee. All have had thorough drill in some useful industry. Five are graduates in agriculture, one in tin-smithing, one in

sawmilling, one in blacksmithing, one from the machine shop, one in printing. Others have received instruction in various trades and will return next year as post graduates and finish them. They will all find immediate employment, with an earning capacity far beyond what they possessed when they came to the school.



COUNCIL MEMBERS OF THE LOYAL HEART OF THE LEGION, MUSKINGUM COUNTY, OHIO.

(See page 204.)

The girls of the class have had large practical experience in housekeeping this year. They have lived, four at a time, in a small building called a "practice home," where they have kept house in every detail, doing their own washing, scrubbing, cooking and having the entire care of the house. Each of the four girls serves a week at a time at each kind of work. Their entire expense through the year for board, fuel and lights has been seventy cents each per week.

The formal exhibits of the mechanical departments were made on industrial commencement day, April 29th. On May 29th great stress was laid on the agricultural display. The large, new carriage house was turned into an exposition hall and filled with most interesting and instructive exhibits. In large boxes were shown every kind of soil, peculiar to this country, and the manner of treating each for the best results. Cultivated and uncultivated fruit trees and strawberry plants were shown, side by side. In large plots of earth a real

truck garden, with vegetables of every description growing, was shown. The vegetables, ready for use, included almost everything grown, with especially fine onions, beets, cabbages, turnips, potatoes and kale. There was a beautiful exhibition of beef, pork and dressed poultry, with fine butter and cheese. The chickens included nearly all of the choice varieties. There were also ducks, geese, guineas, pea-fowls and Belgian hares. There was quite a variety of grasses, also wheat, rye and oats. In separate places were fine Jersey, Ayrshire, Hereford and Holstein cows, calves and bulls. Some beautiful colts and brood mares, two fine stallions and a large pen of hogs of many varieties. There were also several sheep. Each year practical agriculture takes a larger place in the work of the school and the number of students taking this course is constantly growing. Those who have gone out from the department of agriculture are taking high rank among the graduates.

— R. C. Bedford, in the "Montgomery Advertiser."

THE RADIANT SUMMERTIME.

EFFIE D. THREET.

Nature blushes 'neath the gaze
Of the ardent sun;
Earth is teeming o'er with praise,
Summer has begun.

Birds are flitting to and fro,
Singing forth their lays,
Filling all the air around
With their notes of praise.

Roses now are open wide,
Fragrance fills the air,
Sunbeams kiss the lovely face
Of the lily fair.

See the dewdrops on the grass,
Sparkling in the light,
When the brilliant sun appears,
Chasing off the night.

What fair visitor is this,
 Who has come to earth,
 Bringing with her birds and song,
 Peace and Joy and Mirth?

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

Replying to yours of recent date, I beg to say that in my hearing before the House Committee on Inter-State Commerce, I said I believed there are about 20,000,000 colored people in this country, say one-fourth of the population.

The mixing has been going on for so many years that there are few pure white people in the South.

Thousands of persons of mixed blood have immigrated to the North, where they have intermarried with Caucasians, and are known as such.

I think there are millions of people in the United States who have a strain of African blood of which they themselves are not aware.

In the South a census enumerator would not dare ask a dark-skinned person, "Are you a Negro?" for fear of insulting a so-called white man.

It is common gossip in the South that many of the leading families have a strain of Negro blood in their veins.

I have personal knowledge of many such families in Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans and other cities of the South. Many of these people show their Negro ancestry in complexion and texture of hair—but they are wealthy and no one dares say a word.

I remember one case I heard of when a boy in Louisville.

One Horn was the child of a Louisville millionaire by a slave woman. He was a dark mulatto with every evidence of Negro origin. The millionaire used his influence with the law-makers and the State Legislature declared him a white man! I presume some of Horn's descendants are still living in Kentucky.

The grandmother of one of St. Louis' wealthiest white (?) citizens was pointed out to me, and she was nearly black.

I am satisfied that one-fourth of the people in the United States have Negro blood in their veins.

THE JOLLY LITTLE BROWNSKIN BOY.

(Dedicated to "The Young Colored American.")

CARRIE SINGLETON.

Jolly little brownskin boy,
 Laughing eyes, heart full of joy,
 Now a youngster, full of glee,
 Wrapped in flag of Liberty.

Let him be happy, while he may
 Whiling pleasant hours away;
 He'll awaken soon enough,
 Then to tread the pathways rough.

Soon to manhood he will grow,
"Father Time" flies fast, you know;
All the happy moments fled,
Swiftly have the pleasures sped.

Jolly little brownskin boy,
May troubles never thee annoy,
May thy young life forever be
From every care and sorrow free.

MRS. WILLIAM SCOTT.

THE NOTED EVANGELIST. THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND WORK.

The subject of this article was born a slave in Clinton County, Mo., January 21, 1855, and was emancipated in 1865 by the great Constitutional amendment. Being a direct descendant of her master's family, he was interested in her welfare, and encouraged her education, and for this he lost money and prestige among his associates.

After gaining her liberty she continued to pursue her studies and fitted herself for the duties of teaching in the public schools.

At an early age Mrs. Scott (whose maiden name was Carpenter) married Geo. E. Williams, who died in three years, leaving his widow with an infant daughter. In 1877 she married Mr. Wm. Scott, a widower with a little girl near the age of her own child. Mrs. Scott, who was also born a slave in Kentucky, has conducted a flourishing tonsorial business in Lathrop, Mo., where the family resides, for over twenty-eight years.

For twenty years Mrs. Scott taught school in Missouri, also holding night sessions for adults and those children unable to attend the day school. She organized a Sunday School, out of which sprang two churches—one Methodist and one Baptist,—organized the first Christian Endeavor Society ever formed

in Missouri for Negroes, and also established a mission of Christian Culture,—a school for Bible study and sound reading. Mrs. Scott maps out the work to be done in her absence, and employs helpers to carry it on. One-tenth of her income is devoted to this work; hall rent, light and heat being furnished by Mr. Scott.

In 1892 Mrs. Scott gave up teaching and travelled and lectured in the interest of Western College, at Macon, Mo., a school organized and controlled by Negro Baptists, and aided by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Her tactfulness and eloquence as a public speaker soon made her a valuable acquisition to the field forces of the society and after five years of work for this school, she was tendered and accepted the offer of the American Baptist Home Mission Society to enter its employ, representing its twenty-six schools, and its general missionary work among twenty-one nationalities with 1,199 missionaries. The Society covers forty-eight States and Territories—Cuba, Porto Rico, Alaska and Mexico, and maintains forty-one schools, twenty-six for Negroes, and fifteen for Indians, Chinamen, Mexicans, Mormons and Italians. It has just celebrated its seventieth anniversary, and it is one of the

oldest and largest missionary societies in the United States, spending \$700,000 annually in its missionary and educational work. Mrs. Scott has the distinguished honor of being the first Negro ever employed by this society as special agent and lecturer.

Mrs. Scott has received many flattering testimonials from the leading white citizens of the country. Her address at the Anniversaries at Rochester created a profound impression. Dr. O. P. Gifford says:

"Having heard Mrs. Scott in my pulpit, I take pleasure in commending her as a strong, clear thinker and eloquent speaker."

"Mrs. William Scott is one of the greatest colored lecturers in the field. She makes a noble representative for her race, and by hearing her lecture the community she visits will learn of the good the Negro is doing, which will, in a measure, correct the impression made by only reading of his crimes and weaknesses."—Transcript, Boston, Mass.

"Mrs. William Scott, the noble and able representative of her race, delivered an entertaining address at G. A. R. Hall, Nov. 6, 1897, under the auspices of the Joint Conference Committee of General Lander Post No. 5, and Corps No. 29. She is a woman of rare oratorical talent, possessing great powers of persuasiveness; also creating genuine enthusiasm and pleasure in the minds of her hearers." Conference Committee, Post No. 5 and Corps No. 29, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Scott bears also the recommendation of General T. S. Clarkson, past commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.; the Hon. William Warner, ex-governor of Missouri; Mrs. L. A. Turner, past national president of the W. R. C.; the Hon. A. M. Dockey, congressman from Missouri; and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore of Melrose, Mass.

The discussion of the Negro question by the Northern and Southern press shows the subject from widely different points of view. F. Hopkinson Smith will tell us of the blessings which slavery

conferred upon the blacks, and will decry the work of Mrs. Stowe as a vicious libel; Senator Tillman will rave and vent his malicious spite in lurid words too violent to be effective with thinking people, words intended to turn the hearts of our Northern friends from us. But if any Northerner is disposed to believe that this tirade covers the race struggle in the South, on the principle of "no smoke without some fire," he is greatly mistaken.

We have reached the middle of a great game of bluff on the part of the "cracker" element of the South, and the end of the game will decide the Negro's future, and every man or woman, white or black, is bearing a part in running up the score. The results will permanently affect our domestic and commercial relations, and will mark the position which the United States government will hold in the advanced civilization of Christendom.

If one believes the squibs constantly put in circulation by the press, the Negro is a thief, an adulterer, a murderer; is shiftless, lazy and altogether a bad lot, fit for nothing but to be a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water" under the convict lease system. One Southerner will tell you that laziness is inborn in the Negro, as incurable as leprosy. He has no moral sense; and takes a new wife every year, and steals from you while you are looking at him.

Another will tell you that though forced to give up slavery, the South has got hold of a much better thing than slavery in the convict lease system. Still another waves the red flag of social equality and shouts that disfranchisement is the only antidote.

All these slogans of the clans the Northerner has heard, until wearied of the never-ending bickering he gravitates naturally towards the side of his own class, and the Negro has become the under dog in the racial fight. True, the Northerner continues to contribute of his means to the support of missions, but the heart goes not with the gift; there is lack of sympathy with the cause

of the Negro which his enemies feel and at which they secretly rejoice.

Just at this point a new factor comes to the fore in the advocacy of one class of training only for such a worthless ne'er-do-well as the Negro. These doctors of law and divinity, these students of sociology forget the divine mandate—"man cannot live by bread alone."

Industrialism is the great foundation principle of living without which our life-structure will fall to the ground. But the house must have windows, doors, good drainage and perfect ventilation, else the foundation stones will remain foundation stones only, and the building will not be habitable.

The human building must be equipped along all lines, intellectual as well as industrial, in order to become a dwelling where the Spirit of Almighty God may enter and abide forever.

A thoughtful white writer in reviewing the testimony of the Southern white versus the Negro, says:

"When we talk of the future of the Negro, we are apt to forget that the white and black man meet in the same individual. Given the temper, feeling, and ambition of a high-bred Virginian, with the skin and lot in life of a freed-man, and the problem is not easy to solve. When we talk of the implacable instinct which must forever separate the races, we forget that the answer confronts us in the face of every mulatto that we meet. This mixed race is the kinsman by birth of the whites. We can predict that the Negro cannot become industrious, cannot comprehend mathematics, has a natural disability for skilled labor; but how can we assume these natural defects for our cousins and brothers?"

We had long pondered the above conditions and theories, constantly seeking more light, and one evening we found ourselves waiting in a crowded hall for the words of a speaker as having a phenomenal method in handling the race question.

At first we were impressed by her commanding figure and graceful gestures, then we were fascinated by the

tones of her mellow voice flowing easily in well-chosen sentences, and the fire of her dark eyes which at times emphasized the atrocity of some brutal act which she was word-painting for her hearers. For an hour we sat beneath the spell of her fiery eloquence as she passed rapidly from point to point in her discourse, telling the old story in her inimitable manner.

"When e'er a noble deed is wrought,
When e'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!"

The world owes much to its conquerors, but always in ancient times the poet and orator prepared the ground in peace by singing of the achievements of heroes in battle. The place of woman in the world has been rightly called a sphere. You cannot escape from her; she is everywhere. In our modern battles the guardianship of the ideal, faith in the promises of the Infinity which bears a people or race upward on its wings, above the darkness where they wrestle with the sordidness of earth, is woman's fittest work.

After reviewing the incidents leading up to emancipation, Mrs. Scott answered the question: What kind of education should the Negro have? by saying: "In determining this there are two things to consider: First, the individual's capacity; second, his future life and work. The Negro is an American, here to stay, and he should be educated to fit himself to American life and civilization. Whatever system of education is good for the white American is good for the black American who has to grapple with the same problems."

After speaking of the need of well-trained mechanics, teachers, preachers, physicians and lawyers, the lecturer emphasized the need of well-educated fathers and mothers in the homes, without whom children living in the country districts of the South would grow up without proper mental and moral development.

Speaking of disfranchisement, Mrs. Scott said that no question was settled permanently till settled according to God's law of justice and right, and that intelligent Negroes would continue to protest against political discrimination till full equality was enjoyed by the entire race.

Continuing, Mrs. Scott said: "I grant that most Negroes of the black belt will steal; granted also that he is immoral—but let me illustrate my meaning by telling you a story:

A Negro woman who was cook for her master's family could get enough food for herself but was forced to see her children half-starved on the rations given out to the hands, while the barns and smoke-houses were bursting with plenty—the fruits of the slaves' labor—and the choicest of dainties groaned upon the sideboards and overflowed in the closets of the mansion house.

Late at night the cook went home to her cabin, and lay by her husband's side listening to the sobs of the hungry children crying themselves to sleep. They were footsore, too, for the weather was frosty, and their bare feet were cracked open and bleeding from the cold. The eldest one, a nurse girl at the big house, had the added burden of two terrible whippings that day for trivial causes.

At length, in desperation, the woman said to the man, "I'm goin' to take them children an' jump into the river; it seems like I can't stand this sort of thing any longer."

"I'm thinkin', too, wife," replied the man. "No, don't kill yourself; you stay here an' make up a fire. I'm goin' to the barn and the smoke-house for flour and meat, an' I'm goin' to give the children plenty to eat. If Marse John

finds it out and whips me, I'm goin' to kill him."

So the man went out and brought in food, and fed his hungry family. Now, you will call this stealing, but in this case, circumstances justified the theft. Thus the Negro became mixed in his ideas of right and wrong. His owner taught him only the parts of Scriptural law that covered the text: "Servants, obey your masters."

The same was the case in morals relating to the mingling of the sexes. Women and men must herd as cattle to reproduce the species, for the master's word was the only law a slave was taught to reverence. Body and soul were held in one man's grasp until the breath left the clay; and very frequently the master amalgamated for the sake of raising a fancy breed of stock for the market.

The Negro, therefore, saw constantly the rights of others ignored, while crime stalked abroad over the wide plantation; he saw, too, that this human monster prospered, and the God of justice seemed to be far off.

Is such training likely to stimulate a moral atmosphere among any class of people?

We are born into a world consisting of forces which sway our lives, and over which we exercise no control. These forces antedated the birth of all humanity, and to them we must conform, growing away from the results as we grow in grace, in strength and in knowledge. Such forces controlled the Negro and are shaping his destiny to-day.

If the Negro's conception of religion is crude and narrow, remember his teaching; remember that he has had the husks of religion only to feed his soul upon. He is but just awakening to a realization of the spiritual side of religion which gives us God as a daily companion; to a right understanding of the divinely beautiful teaching of Jesus which heralds the time when man shall have thrown off his bestial inheritance and strife and sorrow shall cease from the earth.

But, however dark the picture painted

remember that the Negro is progressing. I bring to you the assurance that over two hundred newspapers and periodicals edited by Negroes and employing many Negro writers to fill their columns, attest to our rapid development along the lines of that class of literature which bears witness to a people's advancement; and yet, many here to-night have never seen a Negro journal, and dream not that such things exist. I beg you, friends, to judge us not by garbled newspaper fables, but to study our people prayerfully, seek the society of our cultured Christian classes and there behold the Negro as he may be in the future, with the scales of prejudice torn from your eyes, when in brotherly love each race shall seek the other without hatred, working zealously for the good of our common country and the education and evangelization of both the Southern whites and blacks."

We value Mrs. Scott's work highly because it is carried on mainly in the white Northern churches, to whom she tells what is needed to save North America to Christ. She addresses on an average six white audiences a week, and thus has the rare privilege, enjoyed by no other Negro in the country, of offsetting the scurrilous reports circulated among the Northern people by the press to the detriment of all classes of Negroes.

It is a rare experience to note the growth of Mrs. Scott's magnetic hold upon an apathetic audience.

We enter the hall where weekly the young people of a popular white church congregate; we mark the look of weariness and even disgust that sweeps over the faces of some of the young women when Mrs. Scott announces her subject. But what a change when the speaker closes! Scarcely a dry eye in the hall, and the ladies who had almost openly scoffed, grasping the speaker's hand and with tearful eyes and quivering lips promising never again to think aught but kindly of the poor Negro at their gates, saying, "Mrs. Scott, I shall never forget the solemn lesson I have learned from hearing you to-night." Mrs. Scott believes in

agitation. Not the kind which calls for vituperation and scornful epithets, but the admonition of Christ: "Come, let us reason together."

Indeed, this is our only weapon and our surest hope, for we must all realize that social, economic or political strife can never be settled by personal conflict. Power may control tumult, law may limit action, but the happiness of our country, our growth and progress, depend upon conciliation and action that shall tend to the welfare of each individual. From greatest to least, ethics are linking men together in their common needs, rights and duties.

President Roosevelt said to her when he was Governor of New York: "Mrs. Scott, in old days our fathers fought for the Negro; to-day I am thankful to say that the race has educated men and women able to advocate for it. The country waits to see what the Negro will do for himself."

Some of us decry agitation, and the eternal harping on the Negro question. To be silent is the part of a coward, and is a crime. The story of a by-gone time must be told and re-told, for it is impossible to see the present in its true light without the background of our sorrowful past. Mrs. Scott's mission and personality suggest many thoughts; one is the solemn obligation which rests upon each individual as his brother's keeper. Each ignorant and brutal Negro has a claim upon the most highly educated, the refined, the wealthy of all races; they cry aloud to be lifted up. We turn to the parable of Lazarus:

"There was a certain rich man clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

"And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores.

"And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores."

Are we not enduring the miseries of the outcast Lazarus? It is the vast mass of human suffering that the world needs to have constantly pictured before

it. It is this suffering that easily escapes us in our hurrying to and fro, seeking selfish gains. It is the difficulty with which such things are brought home to us that made a vital necessity for the parable of Lazarus. God's all-seeing eye looked across the ages and saw this complicated time and knew the needs of to-day as well as of those old Bible times.

To meet this need our sluggish hearts want the help of the magnetic power with which some fortunate persons have been endowed. Such a person is Mrs. Scott. She has been called "Missouri's daughter"; we would rename her the "Advocate of the absent"—the advocate of the poor, the neglected, of the weak who being absent are forgotten by the rich and powerful. The heart of this noble woman has been pierced by the sorrows endured, and haunted by

scenes of woe, where there was no eye to pity, no hand to serve. Having seen and heard, her words bear a double significance when portraying the wrongs and sufferings of those who are not at hand to speak for themselves.

Her voice has been heard in the homes of the great as well as among the poor. As by a magician's wand the woes of millions in the black belt are made to stand forth and speak to those who are forgetting or palliating the wrongs done to a helpless people. She has shown to the world that under this degradation lurks patience, courage and self-repression. May God help our beloved country to hear and heed in time the voice of such a prophet.

O that this American people may never hear the stern words: "Neither would they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead!"

WILLIAM BECKETT.

A SKETCH OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

EDWIN A. LEE.

"What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish and this smooth behavior?—Addison.

Of William Beckett, doorkeeper of the reading room in the library of Congress at Washington it is "my hint to speak."

It is remarkable with what ease, kindness and a polish which comes only from contact with distinguished men, he handles the crowds who daily visit the Library.

As it is necessary that quiet should prevail in the reading room, in order that the readers may not be disturbed, Mr. Beckett must courteously refuse admission to those who are "only looking

around," and direct them to the balcony "where a better view may be had" (a bird's-eye view) of the great room and its readers.

Mr. Beckett is a mulatto; he was born a slave at Linden Hill, Rock Creek, D. C., in 1833, his mother being Mary Beckett ("A very pretty Indian-looking colored woman") who at the time of his birth was owned by Joshua Pierce (Beckett's father) a florist living in the District; her former owner, Mr. Addison of Georgetown, dying, willed her to be free at the age of twenty-eight. Mr. Pierce bought her of the trustees when she was about fourteen, and so she had to serve her second master fourteen years. Promptly on her release from

servitude she married a colored man in Georgetown, D. C. Mr. Beckett's mother died in 1885.

On April 16, 1862, an Act was passed by Congress for the release of certain persons held to serve or labor in the District of Columbia. "That all persons held in service or labor within the District of Columbia, by reason of African descent are hereby discharged and freed of and from all claim to such service or labor, and from and after the passage of this Act, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall hereafter exist in the District."

Not to exceed three hundred dollars was to be paid for the release of any one person, upon sufficient evidence that the so called "owner" was entitled to his services, and had been loyal to the United States.

Mr. Pierce having furnished his proof in the case of William Beckett, he was one of the first to receive the amount above specified.

On being freed, Mr. Beckett engaged with Secretary William H. Seward as coachman, and was with him in that capacity over two years. President Lincoln frequently accompanied Mr. Seward on the drives about the city and to the camps outlying it. On one of these trips they got "outside the lines," and this being discovered, Mr. Lincoln said in his quaint way, "Beckett, I guess we should return to our own bivouac." This was done as fast as the horses could travel.

At the time of Mr. Lincoln's assassination Beckett was employed at Cowling's livery stable on G St., and from the door of the barn saw the body of the lamented President being carried out G St. to the White House.

After leaving the employ of Mr. Cowling he drove coach for Secretary John P. Usher during the administration of President Johnson, for over a year.

Returned to the employ of Joshua Pierce as superintendent and foreman of his horticultural business, and was with him until his death in 1869. Beckett nursed him in his last sickness and helped settle his estate.

Beckett was remembered in his will, receiving three thousand dollars. With this he purchased the house which he retains.

After Mr. Pierce's estate was settled Beckett engaged in the wood and coal business, and later was a considerable grading, paving and sewerage contractor under Alex. H. Shepard. Through the extravagance of the "Boss" Washington City bonds depreciated so in settlement Beckett was forced to accept sixty cents on the dollar. This drove him out of the fuel business.

Drove carriage for Senator John F. Miller of California from 1876 and until his death in 1880.

Then received an appointment as coachman from the Government and drove for Secretary of the Treasury, Charles H. Folger, until Mr. Folger, on account of failing health, removed from the city. Beckett then became a watchman in the Treasury building. When President Cleveland came into office in 1885 he (with some fifteen or twenty other watchmen) was discharged.

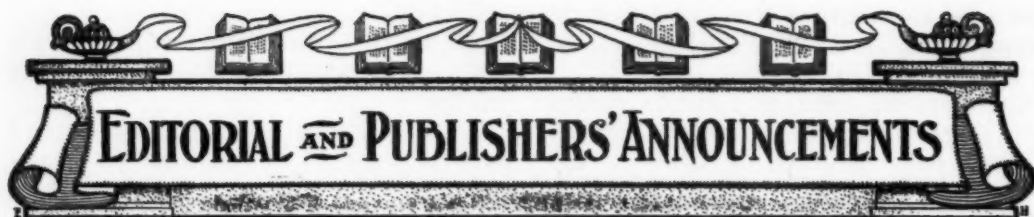
Then employed by District Government as foreman on street improvement.

Later bought horse and carriage and went into business for himself.

In 1893, upon recommendation of Secretary Thurber, President Cleveland employed him as coachman. This position he held during all of Mr. Cleveland's second term, and upon his request President McKinley retained him in that capacity. Beckett's health failing in 1897, he went to the hospital, where an operation was performed. On his recovery, he was too feeble to drive longer for Mr. McKinley, and at the President's suggestion, in November, 1897, Mr. John Russell Young, librarian of Congress, appointed him to a position in the Library. He served a few months in the copyright office, and was then transferred to the place he has since so faithfully and conscientiously filled.

Beckett is a "staid, God-fearing man." Has for many years been a member of the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, and is a trustee in that society.

In politics he is a Republican.



COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

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WALTER W. WALLACE, Vice-Pres. and Managing Editor.

JESSE W. WATKINS, Treasurer.

W. A. JOHNSON, Secretary and Advertising Manager.

Since the last issue of our magazine, the stockholders of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company have held their annual meeting and elected officers and directors for the new year. The officers of the past year were re-elected without change, and there was but one change on the Board of Directors, Bishop Alexander Walters being elected a member of the Board in place of H. S. Fortune. The report of the Board of Directors as to the past year was most encouraging, and showed good progress in every department of the business. In fact, the outlook for a very great increase in the business during the coming fall and winter is most satisfactory. Many new ideas were discussed whereby the magazine will be greatly improved, and thus continue in the future as in the past the only strictly high-grade publication of the race.

In order, however, that our work may be constantly increased and the knowledge of our magazine extended more and more, it requires the assistance of every true race man and woman, to the extent of at least sending us in a yearly subscription, together with remittance for same. Ten thousand such subscriptions (and this is a very small part of the educated and progressive people of the race) would enable us to greatly increase the scope and usefulness of the magazine.

In speaking of Hon. W. H. Lewis being called to the chair of the Massachusetts House of Representatives the "Zion's Herald" says: "No one thought

anything of it the other day when Speaker Myers of the Massachusetts House of Representatives called to the chair Mr. William H. Lewis, of Cambridge, the young colored lawyer. He has already shown himself a power in the House by his marked ability and eloquence in debate, and is popular with the members. He has a fine presence in the chair, his powerful and erect form and strongly chiseled features making him a conspicuous figure in any company of men. He presided with marked dignity and correctness. What a storm such an act would have raised in any State of the South."

It is a mighty long lane that has not a turn, and it is just possible that the medicine prescribed for our degradation may effect our elevation. Such an estimable character as Miss Mary Custis Lee, a daughter of Robert E. Lee, the idol of every Southern heart, experienced a degree of humiliation and discourteous treatment because the elements of womanly virtue and real strength of character were so beautifully blended in her as to set at defiance an unprincipled classification of passengers according to the color of their skins.

Miss Lee took a car near Alexandria, and with her baggage, comfortably seated herself in that portion most convenient to her. The conductor, in effect, informed her that she was out of her place, occupying the allotment of seats assigned to the proscribed class of citizens, commonly called the "Jim Crow" department. Miss Lee was well satisfied

to remain where she was, but the conductor, zealous to maintain the separation of the whites from the blacks, insisted that she should move along into her place, which Miss Lee stoutly refused to do. For such a refusal, Miss Lee, a woman of noble blood and genteel qualities, the daughter of one of the noblest Christian gentlemen born on Virginia's soil, was arrested and hauled through the public streets in the patrol wagon. It will occur again.

True men and women who are as far above a mean and silly color prejudice as the sun is above the earth, will refuse to degrade themselves to the level of slaves of an unchristian and an ignoble prejudice against any class of human beings. A few more incidents like this will pave the way for a complete revolution of public sentiment which now supports this abominable proscription. What we cannot do for ourselves the Almighty will put into the hearts of others to do for us.

"The Afro-American Ledger."

During the Centennial celebration of the Home Mission work of the Presbyterian Church, observed last month in New York City, the Rev. J. N. MacGonigle, of San Augustine, Fla., is reported to have said some things of the Negro and his preachers at the South that it will pay our brethren to give a thorough investigation and serious thought. He holds that the Negro is not religious by nature as some declare; he is only emotional and superstitious. And that the average colored preacher in the South is ignorant. Said he:

"They play upon the emotions of their people on Sundays, by preaching about a paradise of laziness as a reward for the good, and a hell for the wicked. On week days they set examples which will lead those that follow them to eternal perdition."

This is, indeed, a very sweeping statement, which as far as we know, the gentleman did not attempt to sustain either by statistics or competent testimony. As far as Negroes being religious by nature is concerned, we have never thought

this true, and doubt whether there is any one else among the Negroes, or who knows of existing conditions, that believes anything of this kind. The ministry is not ideal by any means, but the average of this class in the Methodist Episcopal Church is far above what he indicates, and our judgment is that they preach the same kind of paradise that is preached by the white minister of the same church, let him be North or South. If, however, the gentleman makes such assertions simply to show the necessity for pushing the work of the Home Mission Society, it seems to us he is making the Negro pay too dearly for the little such appeals may secure.

"The Southwestern Christian Advocate."

The Eldorado African Methodist church has been wrecked and its congregation dispersed.

The Eldorado public school for colored children has been closed and the pupils driven out of town.

The Eldorado normal and industrial institute, modeled on Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee, Ala., has been broken up.

Notice has been posted in Harrisburg, the county seat, that all negroes must immediately leave town.

These incidents, you might suppose, have taken place in Arkansas or Louisiana. The truth is that they are reported by the Chicago Tribune as having lately occurred in southern Illinois, not far from the old home of Abraham Lincoln. The only cause assigned is race prejudice on the part of the whites. The negroes were law-abiding and hard-working people, while their church and schools were evidence of their efforts for advancement.

"The Springfield Republican."

The negroes of this country have two events of especial interest in view, the national Afro-American council at St. Paul, July 9, and the Middle States and Mississippi Valley exposition, to be opened at Chicago August 14. At the former all questions affecting the race are open for consideration; and some there are who doubt the usefulness of such "long range talking," as the Den-

ver Statesman calls it. But it is short-sighted to speak in this fashion. Open, free, fearless, unlimited discussion, the full airing of every matter, is an essential of progress in achievement and reform in conditions. As the New York Age says:—

It is necessary to keep alive the spirit of liberty, and this can best be done in public assemblies, which rivet the public attention by force of numbers, if by nothing else. The reaffirmation of rights inherent and sought to be denied, the protest against wrongs and demand that they be righted—from time immemorial the public assembly has been the accepted channel through which to make these heard and effective.

The Chicago exposition is of another sort. It is designed to show what the negro is actually accomplishing in the South as an industrial factor, and is managed by men and women of the race. The State of Illinois and the city of Chicago have given approval, and material aid. In connection with both these events, the fourteen addresses of Dr. Booker T. Washington in Kentucky this month are also to be considered. He interested every hearer, white or black, in his direct and practical treatment of the problem of the negro. He is under no sort of illusion. He does not enter upon denunciations of the wrongs of the race, because he is working out a permanent remedy. In Louisville and Lexington alike he was cordially received. The Louisville Times says:—

Booker Washington received from all kinds and classes of Louisville people a welcome more hearty, sincere and enthusiastic than was accorded to either of our late visitors—Admiral Schley, hero of the United States, or Henry, prince of Prussia. So, after all, it isn't so much race, color or achievement as character that counts with the masses in this neck o' the woods. And that is the lesson this ex-slave is striving earnestly and nobly—also hopefully—to impress on his race in America.

The comment of the New York Age, which on its part spares no just denouncement, is apt:—

Precept is good; example is better. Booker Washington represents both phases of race leadership. He is the personification of common sense. Character counts, as the Times puts it, and Booker Washington has the character. What he has the rest of the race

can get, in less or greater degree, but they will have to hustle for it, as he has hustled and hustles.

“The Springfield Republican.”

“The Virginia legislature that authorized the calling of a constitutional convention stipulated that the new constitution should be submitted to the people, and the Democratic state convention, representing the dominant party, also promised by resolution that the constitution should be submitted to the people. Yet in the very act of breaking those pledges the convention had the audacity to appeal sanctimoniously to the Almighty for the divine approval:

“‘We, therefore, the people of Virginia, so assembled in convention, through our representatives, with gratitude to God for his past favors, and invoking his blessing upon the result of our deliberations, do ordain and declare the following revised and amended constitution for the government of the commonwealth of Virginia.’

“An appeal to the Almighty is always in order, and it's no new trick to plaster broken pledges with the treacle of the divine blessing. But it is something new to incorporate an invocation to God and a broken pledge into a single paragraph of the constitution of a Christian people.”

“The Springfield Republican.”

A Memphis paper of last week sent the news of a race riot on the usual lines of race riots in the South. Two colored men, Green Johnson and Nate Moore, were arrested as leaders of a movement to murder the whites. Of course there was no truth in the rumor, but it served to give the white toughs in the neighborhood a chance to show their meanness. The result is that every white man in the district procured a gun and went about intimidating peaceable colored men and women and threatening to shoot them if they made the slightest show of resistance. Nothing was done, however, to cause a murder, and the race riot did not take place.—The Conservator.